910.8
Dun/fro
38201

PRINCE KUNG,
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016

FROM

CALCUTTA TO PEKIN;

BEING

NOTES TAKEN FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER BETWEEN THOSE PLACES.

B 2644

38201

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

BY

J. H. DUNNE,

CAPTAIN NINETY-NINTH REGIMENT.

LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO.

LUDGATE HILL.

MDCCCLXI.

910.8
Dunf.co
38201

LONDON:
T. HARRILD, PRINTER, SHOE LANE,
FLEET STREET.

00038201

PREFACE.

THESE Notes were not written with any intention of publishing them; but were merely entered in a book for the amusement of some relatives. The Author has not now either time or opportunity to correct or revise them, or even to read them over, as they are going by the present mail to England. Should the interest shown at home in one of the most perfect little armies that England ever possessed justify their publication, it is hoped this statement will save them from a very severe criticism.

TRANSPORT "BOSPHORUS,"
December 4th, 1860.

PLAN OF THE COUNTRY IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE TAKU FORTS.

This small Plan has been reduced from one made by Lieut Col. Wolseley Deputy Quarter Master General in China.

J. Dower Sculp.t 108 Fleet Stt. E.C.

FROM CALCUTTA TO PEKIN.

ON BOARD THE "MARS,"
Sunday, February 5th, 1860.

LAST night I rode my last ride on the Calcutta course. Our detachment had embarked in the morning, but one of my horses not having been disposed of, I thought I would take a parting trot on the old Arab, and say a last "good-bye" to the few I cared for in the place. Those I wanted to see most were of course absent. Perhaps it was all for the best. We have parted at too many bridges, during seven years' soldiering, to be ever again particularly affected at saying "Farewell." Still, a soldier likes to be remembered by those who have been kind to him. By the rules of Calcutta society, the only hours at which people pay visits are between half-past eleven and half-past one—precisely the time

when we have all of late been occupied in getting everything ready for embarkation; consequently I have had no time for making calls, and I fear no messages will compensate for the rudeness of not taking leave in person. They will naturally class me amongst that too numerous class of British officers who, after having got all they can in the way of amusement out of the people of a place—after having dined with the governors, flirted with their wives, and made love to their daughters—go away, and only remember them for the sake of laughing at some weakness of the man's, or abusing his wines and dinners, or telling stories about his wife, or talking flippantly about his daughters. These same young gentlemen, by the way, sometimes wonder why they are not received with open arms by every father of a family. Were I in the position of pater-familias, I confess I should be careful before opening the road to my cellar or my daughter's affections to any one of them.

But what has all this to do with China? I must return to my story, or I shall never have conducted my readers to the gates of Pekin,

where, health and strength, and the matchlocks and gingals of Sankolinskin and his "braves" permitting, I hope to finish this narrative.

At the same ghât, fourteen months after having been landed in a dingy, carried over the mud, and put into a palki, was I taken out of the palki, carried over the same mud, and replaced in the dingy, with my servant "Peter," and my last half-dozen "after-thoughts," in the shape of purchases; and thus I made my parting bow to British India.

On coming aboard here, I found that, notwithstanding all the old soldiering that I had been wont to be proud of, I was done "through the eye," as we call it; that is, "out of" some thirty rupees, by the servant who had sworn to link his fortunes with mine in the Celestial Empire. Mr. "Sammy" had disappeared; all that remained of him were some old clothes, lying in my cabin. As he came on board all right in the morning, I had foolishly given him ten rupees, and leave to go on shore and buy some more clothes, as he had evidently misapplied the first twenty I had given him for that purpose. What became of the

latter ten, or of the scamp himself, will probably remain unknown to me for ever; but I have fixed his ugly visage indelibly on my mind, and think that if we do meet again, it is just within possibility that one of us will regret it. Here was a fix which my reader, possibly sitting at home at ease, twelve thousand miles away, or enjoying the temperate air of a pleasant English April day, will rate lightly enough, but which the Anglo-Indian will feel in all its horror. In fact, a year of India makes one helpless. A thermometer at 100° Fahrenheit, and a habit of relying on Sammy for everything, soon make all recollection of how to use razors, combs, or hair-brushes fade away, and render the tying of a cravat, at least as far as you are concerned, a lost art. To be your own valet is, in fact, altogether out of the question, and Peter has made arrangements to return to Madras, so that all that is left me is a soldier of my company. Peter has, however, gone on shore to look for the culprit.

My second discovery was to me worse than the loss of all the servants in the world. It was, in fact, that the "Mars" is absolutely alive with

cockroaches. And such cockroaches! at least an inch and a half long, and able to fly as well as crawl all over everything. For the first two or three hours last night, I was doing nothing but jumping about and giving unmanly shrieks, as I discovered one of these hideous monsters either running up my legs, making straight for my brandy and water, or hanging over my head, with a chance of his dropping at any moment. It is no doubt very foolish and weak-minded, but I cannot help it. A disciple of Cuvier or Mr. Westwood might possibly have regarded them, by reason of their unusual dimensions and other peculiarities, as objects of enlightened interest; but I confess that cockroaches, however remarkable or finely developed, always were and always will be my "horror of horrors." Then S—— and two or three others, when they unfortunately discovered my weakness, began telling all the disagreeable anecdotes they could think of on the subject: how they devoured one's caps, shirts, and *toe-nails*, till I was worked into a state of nervous fever. I dreaded turning in, and it was not until I had made myself stupid with fatigue from deck-

walking, that I at last crawled into my cot, and fell into a troubled slumber. Once during this wretched night I dreamt that a large cockroach was eating off my eyelid. I awoke in a cold perspiration, and happily discovered that it was all a dream—in fact, it was *only* a musquito.

There is a dense fog, so we shall not get away as early as was expected. I am glad of this; it will give Peter time to return, as he must come with me if he cannot find his protégé, the absent Sammy. We are anchored off Garden Reach, just opposite to the Botanic Gardens, the scene of many pleasant picnics. Heigh-ho! it is sad to think we shall eat cold pie and quaff Simkin there no more; and that, perhaps, never again will these delicacies be enhanced by being gazed upon by the many beauteous eyes of the Calcutta ladies. I lost two pair of gloves to two nice girls the last race-day, and they have promised to wear these gloves at the cathedral this morning, and perhaps to think a little during the service (if it is not very wicked) of an unfortunate passenger in the "Mars," who will then be dropping down the Hooghly. If they failed, may these lines one

day reach them to remind them of their perfidy. Another has promised to call the horse she rides by the same name as the ship I sail in.

But I am wandering again. For the last time, however, for they are hauling up the anchor. In a few moments all the associations that make one feel soft and spoony will be lost sight of, and there will be nothing before me but the realities of a dreary voyage, in a small and somewhat crowded transport, finished at the very best with the doubtful glory of a campaign against some wretched Chinamen. Peter has not yet turned up. The anchor is home, and the tug is fixing the hawser. By Jove! here is a dingy, and Peter in it. He has been true to his salt, and is coming with me.

Monday, February 6th.—The "Walmer Castle" and "Octavia," with the greater part of my regiment, left the day before us, but are to wait at the Sandheads, as we are to sail in company. They will kick their heels about there probably for a trifle longer than they will like; for by all accounts, we have got the worse tug in the river.

Half-a-dozen have already passed us, and we had only done thirty-six miles when we anchored last night. The cockroaches are, if possible, worse than ever. G—— bagged fifty-seven last night in half an hour; and I polished off a couple of dozen before venturing to undress.

Had another nightmare, partly caused by them, and partly by the peculiarities of the method of preparing human food which prevail aboard the "Mars." Our captain is a capital fellow, but he knows nothing of cooking, and the man they call cook knows less. The major, in his nice gentlemanlike way, swallows all sorts of messes with just the same face as if he were dining at the Rag. To mend the matter, too, we got up some sort of game last night, the great fun of which consists in getting a certain tumble on the deck. Now, I consider that nothing but the most perfect quiescence will digest a ship's dinner; so do not indulge much in these gymnastic movements. As we passed by Sangor, the two young ensigns told us that, on their coming up in a transport some time ago, they all landed with rifles and ammunition to look for tigers, but could not find any; so in lieu of

them, took shots at each other at eight hundred yards, which, considering that an Enfield ball kills at a thousand, must certainly have been an exciting pastime.

Tuesday, February 7th.—We are nearly at the Sandheads. We have got more than a hundred novels to read during the voyage. Imagine the beautiful chaos of heroes and heroines with which one's mind will be stored before they are finished. Seated in a comfortable arm-chair on deck, under an awning, with a cool breeze, a dry cheroot, and a good novel, I am philosopher enough not to be unhappy.

February 8th.—We came upon the other two ships at dinner-time last evening, and anchored about two miles beyond them, when G—— at once proceeded to organize a crew to board them. My experience of a trip with a boatful of amateurs, through the fleet, on the way from Varna to Eupatoria, suggested the precaution of taking at least two professionals with us. Every one is fighting to have an oar for the first half-hour;

but after that, disputing on the subject generally ceases, until recommenced about the end of the hour, as to who shall sit in the stern-sheets. We pulled to the "Octavia" in no time, and after a short stay went on to see the head-quarters in the "Walmer Castle," the water coming in through the cracks rather more than was pleasant. Found them all very jolly, and had a good deal of chaff, they declaring that we had secured all the best books for the "Mars." Fancy being in the army for seven years, and not knowing how to take care of Number One. I have had all the trouble of buying books, and mess stores, etc., for them, and this was the return. As the night was getting foggy, and the way back long, we asked them for the loan of a pocket compass to prevent accident, but were refused.

> "Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude."

I own I felt it, and went down the ship's side considerably disgusted. 'Twas all forgotten, however, in looking out for our ship. As I in-

wardly foretold, when it came to a long pull against tide, the amateurs began to show their weakness, and the two old mariners in the bow proved a great stand-by. The leaking was worse than ever. The doctor was told off to bail, but his arm got stiff; then he was put to pull, but the stiffness in his arm went down to his wrist, so we had to pull his eleven stone without his contributing any further assistance. Half an hour at stroke did for me; but as I never professed to pull a ship's boat oar, they could not laugh much, particularly as I bailed the whole way. The water at last got up to our knees, and, after two hours, we just got on board in time to make it a mild incident in our ship life, instead of an alarming adventure, as a little more fog and a stronger tide would have undoubtedly made it.

We weighed anchor at nine; and then the funeral service was read over an unfortunate man of my company, who died last night of "delirium tremens." He was at one time one of the best colour-sergeants in the regiment; but took to drinking, and last week was broken by a court-

martial. There is "death in the pot" in this country, if nowhere else.

February 12*th.*—We have had almost a calm ever since starting, or have been crawling along at two knots an hour; but to-day, thank goodness, we have a fresh breeze, and are going pretty well. The old "Mars" holds her own very respectably with the other two ships, and we sail very sociably together. Last night we had a little signalling with the "Walmer Castle." We put up, "Come within hail at once." She bore down towards us, exhibiting the signal, "What do you want?" when we replied, "Music;" to which she answered, "To-morrow," and dropped into her regular course. An inquiry after the colonel's health, and the answer that he was "calm," closed the flag correspondence.

February 15*th.*—It is slow work and no mistake, this plodding along in a sailing ship. We are still some fourteen days from Singapore. Sir Hope Grant will probably be at Hong-Kong

before us, as he is to come on in one of the clipper steamers.

It is all very pretty for people to talk of the spirit-stirring life of a soldier, with its exciting scenes. Why, at the present moment, here are seven of us, not greater fools probably than the average run of men, and with as many resources as officers in general, and yet we are all but dead, with no particular complaint, except the peculiarly wearisome one of having nothing to do. It is difficult to find more than an hour's occupation in professional matters on board ship, and then what is to be done with the other twenty-three? Take even ten for sleeping, which, considering that, on a small poop like ours, there is little room for exercise, is about as much as the finest cockroaches in the world can permit, or nature can demand. Allow three more for eating, drinking, thinking about it, and talking over it, and then there are ten hours to be filled up and got through some how. The poop-deck is full of fowls, so we picked out the likeliest looking cocks, and got up several interesting combats. The amusement would, in England, no

doubt be regarded as a little behind the age; but what are we to do? It was droll to see Smith, whom I once heard deliver a lecture upon social progress, in which he was particularly severe upon the "brutal sports and pastimes of our forefathers," now looking on with all the interest of an unlettered country squire, over "a main of cocks," in the days of Tom Jones or the Vicar of Wakefield. Our skipper does not approve of the thing, particularly with his poultry; but there is no doubt that the sport would have gone on surreptitiously, if bad feeding had not begun to tell upon the moorgies, who were evidently getting less game every day. Young G——, however, by way of a change, and for the sake of providing a more humane and not less rational and intellectual amusement for us, contrived last night to administer an infinite number of small doses of brandy and water to a brace of young ducks, and, to our shame be it said, we were all immensely tickled with the result. The way those dissipated birds waddled and rolled about the decks, wagging their tails, and seeming quite happy in their disgraceful state

of inebriety, was very ludicrous. Verily, idleness is the root of all evil; for these sports, the novel, a little pistol practice, the everlasting cheroot, and the unvarying rubber at night, are our only resources. The major and doctor are photographers, and try to do a little in that line, but the ship rolls, and as yet nothing has come of it.

February 25th.—Three weeks since we embarked, and here we are in a dead calm, in the Straits of Malacca. Whenever we get any wind it is always dead against us, and although we are only some two hundred miles from Singapore, we may be another ten days reaching it. What an effect has a life in India on the whole mental and physical condition of a man! A couple of years ago one would have been in a fever of impatience and disgust at this do-nothing existence. But a long, dreary Bengal hot season, lying for hours under the punkah, in a half-dreamy state, has so accustomed one to an inactive life, that I am ashamed to confess that I now lie under the awning in a pair of pyjamas and a shirt, utterly indifferent as to what are our

movements. As we near the Line the weather becomes perceptibly warmer. Thermometer 100° in the saloon, but custom makes one equal to anything, and no one seems to mind it except S——, who is fresh from the cool breezes of Darjeeling and the Nepaul mountains.

February 27th.—Last night we were in company with the "Walmer;" but she, thinking that "the better part of valour is discretion," anchored soon after dark, whilst we boldly held on through all the dangers of the straits, in the way of islands and sand-banks. We have met with our reward, for the first thing we saw this morning was a gun-boat at anchor, which soon after bore down towards us, and gave us a tow, and we are now going merrily on to Singapore, at seven knots an hour, careless as to how the wind blows, and chuckling immensely at the way we are giving the slip to our consort. The coast along the straits is very pretty, particularly after the ugly shores of India.

February 29th, Singapore.—We anchored here at noon yesterday. The first thing we

recognized was the "Octavia." We all had thought her far behind. G——, who had bet a number of gold mohurs on our being in first, felt so certain of his money, that he had issued invitations to a dinner on shore. The "Simoon," lying close by, reminded one of Baltchik Bay, where I last saw her, with the Fusilier Guards, in September, 1854. She has now a battalion of the military train and some artillery. Remembering that H—— was one of the lot, I went on board her. Her commander says she goes much better than formerly. They did it out here in ninety-seven days. It appears that another gunboat fell in with the "Octavia" some days ago, and passed us in the night. The "Simoon" is to tow us out of the straits, and as long after as the hawser holds.

We went on shore, and drove round the town; bought some things at a Mr. Little's shop, and found the people there very civil—a great contrast to the supercilious manner of Europeans in Calcutta shops. For the manners and customs of the inhabitants, etc., I refer every one to Albert Smith's amusing little book called "China and

Back." We were all well up in it before our arrival, consequently we directed our gharry to take us to the Hotel de l'Espérance, where we ordered dinner. Whilst waiting, the Doctor (whom we had just saved from sinking a large capital in Birmingham Malay weapons) and myself walked along the Esplanade, on which there are some handsome houses.

Whatever other hopes the Espérance may hold out, there are certainly none of getting a decent dinner there. Ours was vile; nothing eatable except the fish, and one could have hardly swallowed the wine if it had not been for the ice. Ate some prawn curry with a Malay chutnie. This latter is handed about in a large circular board, something like a roulette-table. It is divided into ten compartments, besides one in the centre, containing cucumber. The other ten ingredients, of which one takes a spoonful of each, were mostly unknown to me, but I recognized garlic, onions, salt fish, eggs, etc. Madame Esperanza, who chatted away with us, says there is nothing going on here. They seem a do-nothing lot, and I suspect it is almost as dull as

an Indian station. We afterwards migrated to the Masonic Hotel, where there is one of the best American bowling alleys that I ever saw; then we got into a gharry, and started for the Chinese theatre. It is a very large wooden building, and seemed capable of holding two thousand people; but there were not more than five hundred present. Every man had his own stall; we, however, were given seats on one side of the immense stage. This stage was lighted by some large braziers full of oil, which were hung from the roof above, and had to be continually lowered and replenished. All the rest of the house was in comparative darkness. The actors were in the front part of the stage, with the band in the rear of them. What it all meant is more than I can say, for there were no scenes; all they did in that way was every now and then to move a few chairs, etc. Having an enormous case of cheroots, I managed, by the judicious distribution of some, to get an entrée to the green-room. We had been considerably disgusted by noticing that the prima donna, whilst on the stage, took a cup of some concoction at intervals, and after making some

horrid guttural noise squirted it out of her mouth in a most unlady-like manner. We saw this charmer soon after come behind, and I was rather pleased to discover, as the disrobing took place, that it was a common John Chinaman, with his tail complete; for even in Singapore one does not like one's ideal standard of woman to be lowered. The dresses were really magnificent, and were all silk and satin with gold embroidery. There were regular wardrobe keepers, who took them from the performers when they quitted the stage.

This morning ashore again, and strolled about the place, went up to the Flag-staff Hill, where they are making a strong fortification that commands the town and harbour. From it we got a very good view of the island. On the inland side there are a great many little hills; and on most of them are built pretty-looking houses. The trees and grounds have a most refreshing-looking green appearance. Dined on board the "Simoon;" a very fair dinner—quite a feast after the eternal goose at top, chicken at bottom, duck on one side, ham on the other, of the "Mars."

More bowls on shore in the evening. Had a row with the landlord, who tried to do us out of one of the courts, and put a Malay rajah in instead. Put him completely in a hole. The voice of Singapore public opinion was with me; and the landlord had to apologize.

March 1*st*.—As we were well into the small hours, before turning in last night, this morning was devoted to a quiet cheroot and a pool of *ecarté* on the poop. The military trainers had spent all the available before leaving home; so we had to limit the stakes for H——, in order that he might have enough to pay for his boat to the "Simoon," in case he was unlucky about the king. After dinner the "Walmer Castle" turned up; so we took her passengers on shore, and inducted them into the mysteries of bowls. Supper afterwards, and was haunted all night by visions of the prawns devoured at that social meal.

March 2*nd*.—To-day was devoted by D—— and myself to a country excursion. A very pretty drive—the sun being the only drawback. Visited

the farm-gardens of Whampoa, a rich Chinese Singapore merchant, and saw everything worth seeing in the neighbourhood. When we got back to the hotel we were both dead-beat, and at dinner very foolishly drank a quantity of iced wine, which was called champagne, and for which we were charged nine shillings per bottle.

March 3rd.—Never, oh never! will I again allow the sparkling wines to tempt me in these regions, unless their owner's character is above all question. An inward feeling tells me that it was the champagne that caused my ruin; though D——, who drank it also, declares it must have been the sun.

Sun or champagne, when a man has got a headache, it matters little. All I know is, that I am tempted to the most ruthless extravagance amongst the few remaining bottles of soda water. To add to my misery, "Peter," who went on shore last night, has not come back, and the "Esk's" boats have just fastened the hawsers to the "Simoon," who is now towing, first, the

"Walmer Castle," then ourselves, and behind us the "Octavia."

March 6th.—Last night, the "Simoon" suddenly stopped to send a boat to look at a floating object, which turned out to be a tree, and in consequence we broke one of our hawsers, and gently bumped the "Walmer's" stern. It is very pleasant being taken through life by a strong and willing hand to guide, think, and act for one; and, on the same principle, we all congratulate ourselves on the strength of the rope which has saved us all trouble and anxiety for the last three days, and saved us some weeks too, for at this season a strong wind always blows against vessels going up to Hong-Kong, and a clipper, like the old "Mars," would take a deal of time in getting over the 400 miles we have already put between us and Singapore. Every available steamer is to be used in towing transports through these straits.

By the by, General Montauban passed through Singapore a few days before we arrived. The inhabitants fêted him, and at a breakfast he

made a speech giving them his ideas of the forthcoming campaign.

March 10*th*.—The men almost every night collect on the quarterdeck, and have a concert. There is one man in my company who knows nearly a hundred songs; and some of his comic ones are very original and amusing. On Saturday nights there is a grand réunion, when they dress in character, and the major good-naturedly gives them an extra go of rum to drink to "sweethearts and wives" in old England. Last night they tried a theatrical performance by way of a change. It was very absurd, particularly the female characters; but the men were all much amused, which was the great point. Poor fellows! it must often be sadly dull work for them, this life on board ship—particularly so for those who cannot read. We bought some games for them, however, before leaving Calcutta. Few of them can manage chess; but drafts, backgammon, and dominoes they are at all day. Here is a specimen of the poetic talent of one of my men, part, unpolished and unadulterated, of the—

PROLOGUE TO THE THEATRICALS.

"I have, as the Yankees say, a notion
That 'tis rather dull upon the ocean;
And 'tis very slow on board the 'Mars,'
To sit and gaze upon the stars.
So now our energies we must call,
And ere to the 'Celestials' we give a ball,
We find that something must be done
To make the ball roll round with fun.
Now for your approval to try and win,
As Hamlet says, 'the play's the thing.'
The world's a stage, and, by fits and starts,
Man's called to play in many parts.
We can't all be clever is a certain rule,
So some of us, you know, must play the fool.
And the proverb says to the man who tries,
'Act well your part, there the honour lies.'
So you'll see before you here to-night,
A band that will try to win the fight;
And, altho' deprived of many things,
Such as scenery, props, and wings;
If your kindness may be sorely tried,
Yet we hope our back will breast the tide.
And thro' the shoals and quicksands of Failure past,
Arrive in the harbour of Fame at last.
Ye 'sons of Mars,' this favour now we crave,
For those who act, and those who sing a stave."

Not quite equal to one of Sheridan's performances in the same line, perhaps, and the prosody, to be sure, might have been improved; but it fell upon the ears of friendly critics. Indeed, if any dissatisfied fellow should have hinted that the present Poet Laureate might, perhaps, have done better, he would hardly have escaped without a few hisses. Happy the poet, and fortunate the actor, whose audience have been five weeks boxed up at sea.

March 15th.—The "Simoon" cast us off the night before last, in order to go into Manilla for coals. We were only a hundred and fifty miles from it, and we wanted her to take us there also. Last night the third mate, a nice quiet young fellow, died of dysentery. The chief officer tells me he had a widowed mother and a sweetheart far away at home.

A number of sharks followed the vessel all the morning. There is a well-known superstition that they know when there is a death on board ship. After breakfast, G—— got an immense hook covered with fat pork, and dropped it temptingly over the stern. An enormous fellow made for it;

but G——, being an inexperienced angler, was too impatient, and before he had got a good hold pulled it up, and leviathan slipped off. "*Experientia docet,*" the next minute a smaller gentleman snapped the dainty morsel, and was permitted to get it well down his throat. After some trouble we landed him midships, to the great delight of the men. The cutting him up afforded them a morning's amusement. He was about eight feet long, and I should be sorry to have had a leg near him in his native element.

March 24th.—After a week of fair weather, it came on to blow what we landsmen would certainly call "half a gale," if not a whole one; but what the skipper calls a "fresh breeze." It was so fresh that we have been beating about under reef-top-sails for the last forty-eight hours, unable to get sufficiently to the east to make Hong-Kong. This morning, however, we are tolerably calm, and a Chinese pilot, who has just come off from a junk in our neighbourhood, has undertaken to get us in to-night. Our life lately has been by no means pleasant. We have been eating, drink-

ing, and sleeping under great difficulties. At dinner, for the last few days, I have been to leeward of the soup, and have been favoured with a good deal more of it than I wanted. After several vain efforts to keep small things in their places in my cabin, I gave up the attempt as hopeless, and putting them all on the floor, allowed them to kick and roll about as they liked.

March 31*st*.—One can never write anything during the hurry and confusion that goes on in a transport in harbour. We got into Hong-Kong just a week ago. Found that Sir Hope Grant and all the head-quarter staff had arrived. The place was swarming with staff, artillery, and engineers. The harbour crowded with men-of-war, gunboats, and transports. The 44th were encamped at Kowloon, the Royals in the barracks, the 3rd at Canton, and the 67th on their way down from Whampoa. If it had not been that the three ships containing the regiment came in together, we should have been sent to Canton, as the junior regiment. It is now decided that we are to go on at once to the island of Chusan, where our colonel

is to have a brigade. It is intended to be occupied during the war. Why or wherefore is more than seems known, unless to prevent our allies from taking it altogether, as we hear they wish to do. Everything is gloriously uncertain, and many say even now that there will be no war. An ultimatum has been sent to the Emperor; and it is supposed that the occupation of Chusan may bring him to reason. It would be, I suspect, a disappointment to some hundreds, who are looking forward to promotion by the row. Even Guardsmen have not been above coming out in order to get their share of the rewards.

As to Hong-Kong, I never saw a place that appears to have been more unfairly maligned. It is certainly now under its most favourable aspect. We all came to the conclusion that it was far preferable to many Indian stations. The Royals have a perfect little theatre, fitted up with boxes, galleries, and pit-stalls, just like a London one, and the acting is by no means bad. At Calcutta, with all its wealth, they have nothing to be compared to it. Then there is the Hong-Kong Club, an establishment whose praises have

been sung by Albert Smith, Wingrove Cooke, and all strangers visiting this distant colony. However, when we praised the place, every one laughed, and said it was only on account of our having been so long at sea. Perhaps it was, but I think not.

It is confidently expected that there will be no fighting at Chusan, and the inhabitants, it is said, will be only too glad to receive us. All the mess plate and heavy baggage of the regiment has been put into store at Hong-Kong. They are establishing a coolie corps for the campaign, to which we have had to give a certain number of men as overseers. Hong-Kong is to be garrisoned by a depôt battalion, formed by detachments from various regiments. We have left some officers and all sickly men. A large quantity of stores have come on board, beside extra ammunition, in case of the Chusanites being troublesome.

Yesterday was an awful scene of confusion. Dagg's company, which was sent on from India before us, came on board, and half another company disembarked from us to the "Octavia."

Then there were men being taken out of companies and put into the coolie corps, and taken from the coolie corps and put Heaven only knows where. Then there was the making up the accounts of these men, and the squabbling consequent thereon, with the officers who were to take them over; then the turning of rupees into English money, and English into dollars, and dollars back again into rupees. Then no one knew the precise value of the almighty dollar, which is perpetually fluctuating from four-and-two to four-and-nine, and every one was afraid of being done by his neighbour. Then there were compradors with accounts, and Sanpan boatmen waiting to be paid, and three or four young ladies with our clean linen, bright, wicked looking eyes, and no very fixed moral principles, all crowding about the entrance of the cuddy at the same time; whilst inside were our own servants, trying to stow away all sorts of tin pots and kettles, purchased for campaigning; captains and pay-sergeants still at accounts; subalterns grumbling at the price of tents, and comparing their previous night's ad-

ventures on shore, or wondering how they could have mistaken the "Chesapeake," 51, for the "Mars," at 2 a.m. that morning; our doctor, with purveyors and apothecaries, negotiating the exchange of Bengal hospital coolies for Chinese ditto; our major at war with the commissariat and ordnance clerks, on the subject of porter and camp equipage; our captain, with charts before him, listening to the naval agent, whilst he prosed over some seven or eight sheets of Admiralty instructions. Besides these, there was the voice of the chief officer, not much mellowed by distance, swearing at everybody and everything belonging to his department. And just then, when we were all hard at it, on board comes a lieutenant from the flag-ship to bully every one and pass the hawser from our old friend the "Simoon," to the "Octavia" and ourselves, as she is to tow us as far as Breaker Point. At length, to our relief, the ship begins to move, and we get rid of our numerous tormentors, and in less than half an hour are clear of Hong-Kong and all its officials.

The "Simoon" casts us off to-morrow morn-

ing; our orders are then to make the best of our way to the north of Chusan, passing through the Volcano Islands, to rendezvous at a place called Kintang, where we receive further instructions from the senior naval officer on the station.

April 8th, Easter Sunday.—Such a time as we have had since writing the above! When the "Simoon" left us to our own devices, there was a "fresh breeze" blowing, which presently increased to "half a gale," even by the captain's confession, and this has continued, more or less, ever since, until yesterday evening. Except making a good deal of "easting" we have done nothing during the last week, which has seemed at least a month to every one on board, so wretched have we been. Every bone in one's body aches with the numerous bumps we have daily endured. We are quite accustomed to seas coming in midships, but when one big one flooded the cuddy, it became past a joke. Happily, at the present moment, it is calm, and we are quietly working round the south-east corner of the island of Formosa.

April 16*th.*—If we could only get a favouring breeze, a couple of days would now bring us to Kintang. We are surrounded with fishing boats. They seem to prefer rum to dollars in selling.

April 18*th.*—When off the "Fisherman" group of islands we suddenly found ourselves in a fog, where we still remain. Soon after anchoring we heard guns, to which we replied. Our two guns had never before been tried, which made us keep clear of them.

April 20*th.*—The guns turned out to have come from H.M.S. "Pearl," 21, whom we discovered at anchor close by us; when the fog cleared away also the "Walmer Castle" and the "Cressy," with part of the 67th on board. The "Pearl" took us under her orders, and made signal for us to weigh and follow her. The "Cressy" and ourselves did so at once, but the other ship, not answering the signal, got a gun fired at her. We anchored at sunset yesterday morning; down came the "Pearl," who had

anchored some miles a-head of us, and after complimenting us through a speaking-trumpet on our being an excellent sailer, ordered us to drop astern of the "Walmer Castle," anchor, and pass hawsers, as she was going to tow us. I don't know quite how it was, but somebody made a great mess of it, and it was dark nearly before the "Pearl" started with all three ships in tow. Just before, F—— came on board us in a tremendous rage, and up and down the deck strode he fast and furious. The moment any one spoke—at him he went—so we let him have half the poop all to himself. He gave it to the skipper for half-a-dozen things, and even to our major for the soldiers not pulling harder at the hawser ropes, ending, "If this is the way we manage with the Chinese, God help us!" Poor old boy! one could not be angry with one so full of zeal, although he did do us some injustice. After our rubber we went on deck to see the anchoring business for the night. At a given signal each ship was to anchor, so as to be all ready to join on again at daylight. Our dear old skipper is monstrously deaf, and the moment

the clear ringing tones of the "Pearl" are heard he gets utterly confused. However, we did our part all right; for though the skipper hesitated at first, a yell from the "Pearl" made him let go anchor, hawsers, and everything. The "Walmer," however, stuck to the "Pearl," and would not let go the hawsers which attached her to the latter, and then there was a great row.

"Will you let go the hawsers, sir?"

"We are too near the 'Mars.'"

"Will you obey orders, sir?"

Bang went a gun, echoing through the islands.

'Twas of no use. The "Walmer" had got the hawser jammed, and a poor sailor lost three fingers before it was let out. Our commodore has a peculiar way of enforcing his arguments with powder.

This morning another row, and a collision between the "Walmer" and "Pearl," the former smashing her jib-boom and the captain's gig of the latter. All of us went more or less wrong.

Then up went a telegraph signal: "If you do not assist yourselves you will lose another day, which will be most disgraceful." Then one for

our peculiar benefit: "If you do not pass a hawser quickly I will leave you behind."

At last we got tied together, and away we went. Passed the fleet lying under the north-west of Kintang, at four p.m. Saw the "Grenada" and the "Impérieuse," flying Admiral Jones's flag. We went on, a little puffer showing us the way, and, rounding the south of Kintang, anchored in the Bell Channel, about four miles from Tinghae, the capital of Chusan.

April 21*st*.—The two admiral's ships and the "Grenada," carrying Sir Hope Grant, passed us this morning, going up to Tinghae. The channel is very narrow, and we appear land-locked from where we are at present anchored. In the afternoon news came that the town had peaceably surrendered.

April 22*nd*.—Directly after breakfast two gun-boats came alongside and towed us down to the town. We expected to be disembarked immediately, and everything was ready for going on shore; but only a few French and Marines

were landed. The 67th are not to be disembarked here at all, but are to wait on board ship until the move to the north.

April 24th.—Went on shore yesterday afternoon, and saw the English and French colours hoisted at the fort over our first conquest. We expected the ships would salute them, but they did not. From this old fort, on the top of which there was a joss-house, full of French marines, we got a complete view of the place. The place, I hear, is in just the same state as we left it in after the old war of 1842. The Chinese commandant here commands seven battalions, but they belong to that "cheap defence of nations," which exists only on paper. The inhabitants seem a harmless set of people, and were very civil to us. In the suburbs, wherever there is not a house, a path, or a manure-pot, there is either a rice-field or water of some sort. To live there seems most unhealthy for men unaccustomed to this sort of thing. I hear the Sanitary Commission, who are to report upon places where troops are stationed during the war,

are of this opinion, as also is the general, who will not occupy it more strongly than he can possibly help. He left yesterday evening. We are not to land until the engineers report the places given up for our residence as fit for occupation, which they certainly are not at present.

May 7th.—On the 26th ultimo we were landed, and nothing particular has occurred since then. My company, with two others, are in a joss-house, and the remaining companies are distributed all over the town. Our joss-house is about the best I have seen. You enter under a gate, with large stone dragons over it, into a small court-yard, through which you pass into a hall, with two immense figures on each side. They are seated on stone-work, and are each about twenty feet high. One of them is playing a guitar, and seems very good tempered. The other two have also an amiable smile on their wooden countenances; but the fourth, with a swarthy and frowning face, holds a sword in his hand, and is evidently the personification of some avenging power in the Chinese mythology. You

then pass into a large court-yard, in which we now hold our parades. On each side of it are houses, formerly occupied by the bonzes, or people connected with the temple, and now used for stores and barracks. From this you pass into the grand temple, in the centre of which is an enormous bronze god, surrounded by other smaller ones, and all round the sides stand figures, about seven feet high, on pedestals. This is the quarter of the grenadier company of the 99th, and the effect of seeing soldiers' beds, with belts and firelocks, amongst all these outlandish beings, is somewhat odd. Behind this hall, in a very small yard, is an inner sanctuary, and here we have our mess. There are two or three double rooms on each side of it, and in them we live.

The beginning of last week was occupied by me in getting our stores, wines, etc., landed from the ships. We got up two hundred and eighty cases, without losing one, thanks in a great measure to our friend the "Pearl," who lent us a launch daily. The country is very pretty, and the last few days have been spent in long walks

inland. All carry guns, though to very little purpose; but the sportsmen say our shot is too large for snipe, and too small for duck, and as these are the only game seen, it is a fair excuse for getting very little. The first two days we merely took the afternoons, but on Saturday we breakfasted at seven, five of us having determined to make a great day of it. K——, who shoots at everything, from a swallow to a swan, commenced blazing away the moment we got outside the walls. Provided there is plenty of powder and shot it may be the best plan, for he certainly enjoys what he terms "a day's sport" more than any one else. All the country is under water, except the hills and the narrow ridges between the different fields, and, unless inclined for wading, it is along these ridges one has to walk. Well, we trudged over all the marshes on the east-gate side of the town for one snipe and two dove-pigeons! Then we climbed a hill, and walked along a narrow path, overhanging the sea, until we descended into a large valley, with little green hillocks here and there, that looked like islands in the distance. Passed

two French officers, with horns for powder-flasks, carrying on a vigorous warfare against hedge-birds, but not dreaming of invading the watery-looking plain. Before we did so, K—— pointed out a distant hill, and declared that there we were to rendezvous for lunch. So off we started at wide intervals, each man followed by his China boy, who acts as a retriever. The ridge I chose was narrow, and I soon unwarily slipped in. After that, getting reckless, I made the best of my way towards the distant land-mark, and, seeing nothing to shoot at, soon arrived there. My boy carried nothing in the way of luncheon; so I began to get nervous about what, to most men, is the great point in these shooting parties, when bang went a barrel close by, and friend Horace appeared round the corner; and, better still, his boy with the "chow-chow" basket. We both remarked we were very hungry, and seeing E—— at a distance, hailed him. No sign of K—— or the "Nipper." Certainly it was only a quarter-past *eleven*, but then we had breakfasted monstrously early, and the marsh air had such an appetizing effect, and

sundry sips of cognac, to counteract the wetting, had acted as a stomachic bitter. Besides, as we were three, we constituted a "quorum," and it was very hard, and contrary to all the principles of Paley and Bentham, that a majority should have to wait for the minority; with such like conscience-soothing arguments we treacherously attacked the lunch. At first we began with very liberal intentions towards the absent pair, and honourably laid aside a Strasbourg paté, and no end of hard-boiled eggs for them; but E—— was ravenous, and first cribbed one of the eggs, and then just a bit of their bread, till, in the end, scarcely anything was left. Nor would that little have survived had we not (oh climax of selfishness!) remembered that there was a bottle of sherry with them, which it was desirable should be shared by all.

When the missing ones turned up, of course there was great wrath; and in the evening K—— made one of his good stories about it, declaring that he would never again shoot with me, without settling, not only the rendezvous for the lunch, but also the exact hour at which it was to come off.

May 16*th*.—We are anxiously looking for a mail, as we want to hear about the expedition. Here we are in utter ignorance about everything. They know as much in England. By the by, our last letters from that pleasant little place took just seven weeks to reach us. We have now got up a tolerable mess, and have given one or two little entertainments to the other branches of the service in the town. We are very deficient in knives, chairs, and other things, and are obliged to drink Moselle out of tumblers; but we don't find that our friends are greatly annoyed at this proceeding, and our Chinese cooks get up a very fair dinner, with a little looking after.

We had what we call a very good day yesterday—four guns, three brace of ducks, and a brace of teal, and lots of long shot at duck; but there is no doubt our shot was too small. We never saw a snipe all day. One duck gave us great sport; he got winged, and took to the water, diving and dodging so much that it took eleven barrels before he was finished. Crossing one place, I trusted to the back of my boy, but the young gentleman let me down nearly to my waist. We

all got so wet that we took to wading about with the utmost indifference. E—— went in over his head once, owing to a slip, and having no stick to save himself. Putting out in a "sanpan" to a likely looking spot, I found the pole of the boat too short to reach the bottom, and so drifted about helplessly for nearly an hour, before regaining "terra firma." We get home very tired, and sleep well after these expeditions. At night we have a little party in B——'s room; and having managed to get a case of "Old Tom," the last of a long and popular line, we imbibe a little with our cheroots. The "Select-Gin-and Water Club," we call it; and the only cause that disturbs the harmony amongst its members is, that the doctor, like Betsy Prig, never drinks fair.

Walked over the place to-day, being garrison captain. We hold the south and east gates, the French the north and west; the latter are now making a large coal-depôt, down at the landing-place, where everything now is getting into much better order. There is no end of Chinese tailors' shops near the beach, and all seem hard at work

for Europeans. There is one "Wood-engraver to the Queen, Prince Alfred, and all the Royal Navy." Then there are two rival "Stultz's," one with the addition that he is a "Number One London Tailor;" likewise a "Hyam," and a "Moses from Aldgate Pump."

May 18*th*.—A party of five of us, with two of the Engineers, went out deer-shooting yesterday morning—very determined most of us, having guns as well as rifles. It was a long walk over the hills to get to the place. We put ourselves in the hands of a man who arranged everything. "No show deer, no catchee dollar," is his motto. He had about thirty beaters, and placed us at the gorges of the hills. After waiting a long time, two of us got a long shot each at one. As there seemed little chance of any more there, we worked down towards a large village, where the less enthusiastic ones of the party discussed a very excellent tiffin, on the tomb of some ancient mandarin, to the great amusement of some of the gaping inhabitants. The others, meanwhile, had taken up a position in a fresh place, and after

joining them, we managed to get two small deer. But the best shooting by far of the day, was taking long "pot shots" at some pariah dogs. We got home just in time for mess, very tired and thirsty, and the result of champagne and claret out of tumblers was, that most of the deer-stalkers were ultimately silenced, and there was great popping of soda-water corks next morning. Sir Robert Napier came last night from Hong-Kong. We are in his division, and, to our great delight, he says we are all to go north, except about three hundred men, who remain with some native troops to garrison the place.

May 19*th*.—Lying on my bed this afternoon, I was woke up by the adjutant to go out in charge of a party on a reconaissance. When we got to the west gate, found our military magistrate, with the French one, waiting for us. As soon as a party of French joined us, we started off to examine the neighbourhood of one of the shooting grounds, where a surgeon of the —th declared he had seen and heard a large force with guns, shouting on the hills in the distance. His guide

had told him that they would kill him. The gentleman's imaginative powers had been slightly improved by terror, and the result was a very fine "cock and bull" story. I need hardly add that after wandering about the hills until nine at night the only conclusion we arrived at was, that the Chinese soldiers, with guns, shouting on the hills, were nothing more than a party of deer-beaters, armed with bamboos. Our medico-alarmist had even gone so far as to detect two mandarins amongst them. Had a late dinner and great fun with our magistrate, and his description of how the "political pigeon" was carried on in China.

The whole of the force now in China amounts to nearly eighteen thousand men; but it is thought we shall not have more than nine thousand in the north. There are to be two divisions, and four brigades, three regiments in each brigade. The brigadiers are, 1st Brigade, Colonel Stavely, 44th; 2nd Brigade, Colonel Sutton, 31st; 3rd Brigade, Colonel Jephson, 2nd; 4th Brigade, Colonel Reeves, 99th; Cavalry Brigade, Colonel Pattle. The orders are for

the expedition to go on without reference to Lord Elgin and Baron Gros's mission, and as the Chinese have refused our ultimatum, we shall probably have a fight after all.

May 22*nd.*—Last night, as I was going my rounds, I stumbled on our magistrate, who informed me that there was a piratical "pigeon" going on in the island, and that he expected to start immediately with a party of French and English. At the time I looked on it as a mere illusion, but was awoke this morning by hearing the order for sixty men to proceed after pirates at once, and one hundred more in an hour, in support. The gun-boats are going to work round by sea, and we are to act in concert with them.

May 26*th.*—The navy and land forces did not act quite in concert. The gun-boats arrived at the creek, where the junks were, before our people had got round on the land side. The crews tried to get out, but were intercepted; and as soon as the gun-boats opened fire, they ran the junks on shore and bolted. Just then, E——

came down with his men, and managed personally to secure one of the ringleaders. He had a brace of double-barrelled pistols and a box of dollars. The ruffian was so disgusted that he took a dose of opium, and saved us the trouble of hanging him. The mail, which has just come in, passed twenty-one transports, working slowly up northwards. This afternoon, we strolled up to the Grotto, or Chusan Paradise, the country-seat of a mandarin. It is very small, but cleverly laid out; and as it was a broiling hot day, the cool shade was very refreshing, as was also the iced champagne which we had taken the precaution to bring with us.

We are all, more or less, engaged in arranging our kits into two divisions; one for light-marching order, to weigh a hundred and twenty pounds; the allowance for each officer on landing; the remainder to be left on board ship, until a standing camp is formed.

The brigade-majorship of Chusan has been going begging for the last two days, no one caring to remain behind for the sake of an extra nine and sixpence per diem.

June 3rd.—The Chin-tai, the brigadier-general commanding the Chinese forces in Chusan, is by no means a bad sort of fellow. He has called on us several times, and smoked a cheroot, and taken his sherry and soda, or a glass of maraschino, like a Christian. He has also sat to our major for a photograph.

Yesterday morning, one of Chin-tai's servants came up with the mandarin's card (a sheet of red paper with his name), and bid the Major, D——, and self to a banquet at five P.M. At that hour we went down to his yamun, now partly occupied by the allies, so that the poor old gentleman has to put up in a wing. We were supplied, on arriving, with sherry and cheroots. He then showed us into his private room, with a bed-room adjoining it, chairs all round, except where there was a sort of divan with cushions for two people, with a lamp and the requirements for opium smoking in the centre. Chin-tai had asked some artillery officers also, but there was some mistake about the hour, and we had to sit till seven, drink three goes of tea, and smoke twice as many cheroots, before all the guests had

arrived, and dinner was announced. The party consisted of three gunners, a youth in the Shanghae custom-house, and ourselves—Chintai at the head, and his brother at the bottom. The dinner was served *à la Chinoise*, which is very much the same as *à la Russe*. There were fruits and sweetmeats on the table. We all used chopsticks. Every dish was served in a little bowl, or else on a small plate, and I determined at first to keep a strict account of them; but it was impossible to remember all. At the commencement we ate the whole of whatever was put before us; and all through the first course we consumed at least half. We then came to the conclusion that no rule of politeness ought to compel us to commit self-destruction, and that even Chinese courtesy ought not to expect us to dispose of more than one-third of each comestible. Even at this rate, our digestion was seriously endangered. The dinner was divided into three series of nine courses each, and at the end of every nine we paused for wine and for breath. The cooking was excellent, and everything, of course, was the best pro-

curable in the island. Instead of "shamshoo," our host had procured sherry and champagne from Shanghae. At the commencement of each course, the Chin-tai waited till every one had his basin before him and his chopsticks ready, and then he gave the signal and off we went.

Here are the first nine; afterwards I got confused and cannot say what half of them were:

No. 1. Soup, like chicken-broth, with savoury balls floating about in it.

No. 2. Fish—shark's fins, very well prepared, and by no means bad.

No. 3. Two little pies, each with sweet-meat inside, not unlike our mince-meat.

No. 4. A remarkably good *salmi* of duck.

No. 5. A stew something like hashed calve's head.

No. 6. Two round dumplings, each with savoury meat inside, tasting like a bad London sausage.

No. 7. Kidneys cut in slices and stewed with mushrooms. Rather good.

No. 8. A-ping, the mandarin's steward, who

talks "Pigeon" (English), called this "All the same English rice-pudding," but a nastier sweet thing I never tasted. This failure, however, we did not lay to the charge of Chinese cookery, it being evidently an unsuccessful, though well-meant attempt to imitate a Western delicacy.

No. 9. A sort of savoury omlet, rolled up and baked in paste. It was a great relief after No. 8.

Then came a pause, and we all "chin-chin," etc., and took wine with Chin-tai and brother, and away we went again. This time solids prevailed. No. 16 was very trying. A-ping called it "chenu ship" (sheep), but anywhere else it would have been most decidedly pronounced the fat of young pork nicely browned. It was monstrously rich, but No. 18, an excellent shrimp salad, acted as a corrective.

The 26th course was another delicate attention, on the part of the mandarin, that we could have most readily dispensed with. Out of great compliment it was an English course, and consisted of two roast geese and a shoulder of mutton. Whilst this remained on the table, the last course, rice,

was brought in, and this was the moment selected by our host for the crowning stroke of Chinese politeness. With his own unwashed chopsticks, he picked out a delicate morsel of the birds for each of us. We received it on our chopsticks, and devoured it with many bows and smiles, and great apparent gusto; for in no way can you show greater appreciation of Chinese cookery than by smacking your lips, and making a great many noises whilst discussing its most splendid achievements. The way they eat rice is somewhat remarkable. R——, who had been at Canton, inducted us into the science. You place the edge of the platter containing the rice on your lower lip, opening your mouth wide; by dexterous use of the chopsticks you then cram in as much as possible at a time, and so on until it is all finished. Not a bad way with green peas at home, if we English were not too prejudiced to take to such innovation.

Well, even a Chinese dinner has an end, and by half-past nine it was all over. Then we adjourned to Chin-tai's "sanctum," and had tea; and I lay down on one side of the couch, and

Chin-tai on the other, and he graciously prepared a pipe of opium for me. Chin-tai is a great opium smoker, and gets through a dozen pipes of an evening. Several of his friends came in, and one of them, who had done "much tea and silk" pigeon at Shanghae, was very useful as an interpreter. They were all very pleased at the photograph of Chin-tai, and the Major promised to take them in a group. Amongst them was the son of a mandarin, killed by us when we took the place in 1840. He did not seem to bear us any ill-will about the matter, although he himself has served in the imperial army. At half-past ten we began to feel rather tired of the thing, and as there was to be no "sing-song," owing to our having frightened away all the young ladies who perform; we communicated our great gratification at our reception, and stated that as we had "a business pigeon" (church parade) very early next morning, we would beg leave to take our departure.

The mandarins insisted on accompanying us to the gate, and we trotted home as hard as we could, to get a little eau-de-vie before the mess

was closed. Here is a resumé of my proceedings, and "ex uno disce," for my performances were certainly not above the average: I drank four cups of tea, and our Chinese attendants may perhaps know how many of sherry and champagne; I partook freely of twenty-seven dishes, smoked a dozen cheroots, and a pipe of opium, putting a big tumbler of brandy and water on top of all; slept remarkably soundly, and woke very fresh and well this morning. If this is not a proof of what the human constitution can undergo, at a pinch, I know not what is.

June 10*th*, *Sunday*.—We are once more on board the "Mars." On Thursday the "Adventure" came in with despatches for the admiral, and by yesterday afternoon the whole garrison was embarked, except our unfortunate three hundred who remain behind. Two of our companies are in the "Impérieuse," and two follow in the "Burlington," which brings up some native troops to remain in Chusan. As I write this the "Pearl" is towing us, with two gunboats, through the islands. Our orders are to make, with all

convenient speed, the rendezvous of the expedition, Victoria Harbour, Ta-lien-hwan, lat. 38° 52′, long. 121° 30′ E., and there anchor amongst the transports of the Second Division.

June 18th, 1860.—Yesterday morning we made Ta-lien Bay, and dropped our anchor amongst some twenty other transports scattered about. Saw the "Merchantman" on her beam ends, on the opposite side of the bay, she having run on shore in a fog the previous night. After lunch, went on board the "Impérieuse" with the colonel. Her decks were full of staff officers, the two divisional generals, Michel and Napier, being about to go on shore with Admiral Jones to look for water, about which there is a good deal of anxiety. Very little information to be picked up. We are all waiting for Admiral Hope and the commander of the forces, and may be here for the next three weeks. Meanwhile, transport after transport comes in and anchors around us. Fatigue parties are being landed to dig wells, and some tents have been pitched on the shore, which looks barren and uninviting. A regular code of signals

has been established for the transports, and they all have their number, and a specification of what they contain, painted in large characters on the outside. The weather is cold and misty, and it is very dull work lying here at anchor. Our people on board the "Impérieuse" say they are immensely comfortable; but none of us would exchange the free and easy life of the old "Mars," for the stiff formality of a flag-ship, with Her Majesty's quarterdeck, which must always be saluted, but never sat upon. The ships with our division on board are now all anchored in line.

June 22*nd*.—Every day witnesses fresh arrivals, but no sign of the "big wigs." Many of those who have just come from Hong-Kong think there will be no fight after all. The natives of the small villages on this side of the bay bring us no supplies, and the mandarin of the district has forbidden them to hold intercourse with us. The "Encounter" has captured some thirty junks, and the owners would not take the money that was offered them for the cargo. They had some English goods on board, and are now num-

bered and made into commissariat store-boats. A merchant skipper, who went "looting" one of them, got put into irons on board the "Encounter," the captain of that ship refusing, for some twenty-four hours, to believe that a master of a transport could have so disgraced himself.

What will be said in England about this? We first went to war because the Chinese took a lorcha, which had a doubtful claim to fly a British flag; and now, without ever having declared war, we go and take a whole fleet of junks belonging to innocent, unoffending traders, simply because the exigencies of the service require these boats. We English are certainly no better than our neighbours. We say we don't fight against the Chinese people, but against their government. We preach well; but our practice is another matter.

June 25th.—A year to-day since our disaster at the Peiho, and the insult is still unpunished. If we are slow, may we also be equally sure in our movements! The admiral has just been sighted in the offing. I have been staying the

last two days on board the "Imperatrix," a magnificent steamer, just come up from laying down the telegraph in the Red Sea. Now that half the transports rejoice in junk in their cuddy, and we ourselves have little fresh save the eternal mutton and everlasting goose, one can thoroughly appreciate the comfort, good fare, and kind hospitality of one of the best steamers in the transport service. Yesterday I walked up with her captain to one of the high hills overlooking the bay, and we counted upwards of one hundred ships of different descriptions. We (the Second Division) are to go over to the opposite side of the bay, there being good water there.

June 28th.—We have shifted our position, and are now anchored close to the shore, near what is called "Odin Bay." There are several good springs of water; and at one place the coolie corps have made large tanks, and eighty or ninety tons can be got from them daily. We are opposite a green-looking valley with a good beach, and our men are able to go on shore and bathe. We have also taken some long walks,

but the country is very uninteresting, and the mid-day sun is beginning to have a sting in it.

Sir Hope Grant arrived yesterday, and in the afternoon he came over in a small steamer, and inspected the coast on our side, it is presumed, for the purpose of selecting spots for the troops to encamp on. A number of ponies, worse than the Crimean ones, have been landed, in the hopes that the run and the grass may improve their present pitiable condition. The Military Train were made into a general transport corps at Hong-Kong, and they now rejoice in the "nom de guerre," of the "First Light Cow Cavalry," or "Cooper's Bulls." The animals have died off in the most astonishing way during the month they were on board ships, so much so, that some think they must have been poisoned. Fifty-three died in one ship; and it is said that one vessel came in without any, all having been lost from a species of diarrhœa. But this is probably one of the numerous "shaves" that float about the bay daily. There is no end to that expression, "It is said." It is said that Lord Elgin is at Shanghae; and it is said that he has not yet

left Singapore; it is said that three days is the longest time we shall remain here; and it is said that there is no chance of our leaving for three weeks. As it is known that the Secretary of the Union Bank has embezzled a million, of course it is said that the bank has failed; and, as nearly every one in this army has money in the Oriental Bank at Hong-Kong, it is added, for our especial comfort, that the Oriental has smashed also. It is said that the Canton merchants have offered to bet £10,000 that the Taku Forts are not taken this year; and goodness knows what other "canards" are invented, or from where they originally come. In one ship they keep a book, in which they are regularly entered, for the benefit, I suppose, of future historians, who certainly may find there materials for a very remarkable history of our last Chinese war.

An Indian mail has just come in, and with it an amusing letter, of seven sheets, from an old friend there, with all the latest anecdotes and gossip of Calcutta. After a five months' exile from civilized society, news even from India makes one's pulse beat faster.

June 30th.—We have been moved to another anchorage, called Hand Bay, and here it is expected our division will be landed, as the First Division have already disembarked at the other side; for now the report is, that the French will not be ready for six weeks, being deficient in stores, clothing, and all the "matériel" for commencing a campaign; and they object to our doing anything until they are able to act with us. We think, of course, that it is a pity we have anything to do with them. Here we are, wasting our time, and, what is far worse, the energy of our men, waiting for the doubtful benefit of having the assistance of allies who will probably not do one-third of the work, and will certainly claim more than half the glory, if such a thing is to be gained in a war with China.

July 7th.—Camp of the 4th Brigade, Manchouria.—By a sudden order we were put on shore on the 4th inst. The wretched hill where we are now encamped is a little more than a mile from the sea. Each regiment of the division has its camp pitched on a separate hill, facing

the prevailing quarter of the wind at this season. We have one great advantage over all the other regiments in having the Indian Lascar tents instead of the common bell tents. They are three times the size, are well-lined, and, on the whole, very comfortable, so much so, that for choice I have doubled up with my subaltern, who happens to be a particularly nice young fellow. When the wind blows, and the rain pelts against your tent, there is nothing like having a companion in misery. It would seem that the whole army is likely to be encamped here for the next six weeks, and that even then two thousand men will be left behind. A reintroduction to the "tasty junk" and "pearly rum" has been a much more trying ordeal to an old stager like myself than to the two youths who partake of these dainties with me, and who talk of not minding it for a change.

July 13th.—The usual humdrum life of a camp goes on here. We have nothing to ride, and even if we had there is no place to ride to. The country is cut up with gullies and water-

courses, so that a horseman, unless careful, may find himself unintentionally becoming a second Curtius. Bathing, in a bay some two miles off, is almost our greatest object in life. Lord Elgin has arrived, and it is said Sir Hope Grant has gone over to Chefoo, on the other side of the entrance to the gulf, to make final arrangements with our allies. A sad boat accident occurred yesterday, and Gordon, of the Madras Sappers, was unfortunately drowned. The boat upset in a squall whilst crossing over from Victoria Bay to this place. Lumsden, the deputy-assistant quartermaster-general of our division, who was in her at the time, was some five hours in the water before he reached the shore, and then was exposed to sun, wind, and rain, with nothing but a shirt on for some ten hours more. Yet he goes on with his work as if it was an every-day occurrence.

July 17th.—Rode over to Bustard Creek to see H——, who has charge of a battalion of the horse transport, consisting of eighty men of the military train, fifteen hundred cows, bullocks, ponies, mules,

and horses, and six hundred followers, natives of almost every country in the East. Congratulated him on having such a truly pleasant little command, and went on to Odin Bay, where the cavalry and artillery are encamped. It is now said that we are to remain behind, and guard the establishments at Odin Bay, with some artillery and the 19th Punjaubees. We are all in a dreadful state at this intelligence, for there is nothing so thoroughly mortifying to a soldier as being left behind to guard some wretched place like this, whilst his comrades are engaged on active service.

July 18*th*.—Sir Hope Grant came over and inspected the division this morning, and our spirits were a little cheered by being told that though we were to proceed to Odin Bay to-morrow, we should not remain there more than a week after the rest of the army.

July 22*nd*.—We marched round here (Odin Bay) on a pouring wet day, and had to stand out in the open air several hours before our tents

arrived. Had it not been for Colonel Brown, and a detachment of the 44th, who fed and clothed us almost, we should have been in sorry plight, for all our baggage was sent round by sea, and it was two days before we saw it.

July 25th, Wednesday.—On Monday morning, the re-embarkation of the cavalry and artillery commenced. They got on board nineteen hundred horses during the day. Lord Elgin, Sir Hope Grant, and the staff, came over to see it. Wanting to visit Victoria Bay, got a passage and a dinner on board the "Grenada." All the head-quarter people said that directly the expedition was landed shipping would be sent back for my regiment, and that we would be in ample time for everything, which was very cheering. Yet one cannot help feeling that, with the best intentions, so many things may occur to alter this arrangement, that the chances of its being fulfilled are somewhat doubtful. On returning to our camp, on Tuesday, our band was playing the detachment of the 44th down to the beach, and then

we found ourselves alone in this wretched place. We are well-nigh heart-broken to think that, after six months' travelling, waiting, and expecting, it should all end in this. The whole fleet, it was said, are to sail to-morrow, and I hope it may be the case; for watching them lying at anchor makes one, if possible, more miserable, and, perhaps, when they are clear off, we may be able to settle down to something.

July 29th.—The whole of the expedition got under way on Thursday morning (26th), and were clear out of the bay at mid-day. At about ten o'clock the "Grenada" came over; and Sir Hope Grant gave his final instructions about the depôt. There are large quantities of cattle here, bought by the commissariat, and 150 men of our regiment, some artillery, and the whole of the 19th Punjaubees, are to remain to guard the commissariat and hospital establishments. We have sent out 100 men, and 25 gunners, to occupy a redoubt, which, to a certain extent, commands the only route by which an enemy could attack our present position.

August 3rd.—If the expeditionary force have experienced the same weather that we have for the last few days, they are not to be envied. Two nights ago the rain came down so strong that it went right through the canvas, and we all got a soaking; and last night I passed a delectable hour clinging to one pole of my tent, whilst C—— and "Peter" held on to another. The former, getting nervous about his pegs, had bolted from his own, and taken refuge in mine. Not a bit too soon, for putting his head out, some five minutes afterwards, he saw nothing but a heap of white canvas where his tent had been. It was a terrific storm; the lightning almost continuous, and when the wind lulled a little, and the rain came down, the thunder rolled out in such tremendous volumes as I never heard the like of before. Fortunately my tent held out bravely; but everything was wet inside it. On emerging this morning, I found the sort of summer-house in which we dine, and our cook-house, in a state of wreck and ruin, nearly all our little stock of preserved eatables more or less damaged, and our last glass goblet smashed. Being simply

"dwellers in tents," even without fighting, entails an amount of hardship and discomfort of which few respectable householders in England can form any idea. All the sick have been landed from the hospital ships, and are now located in some twenty or thirty marquees. It is far better keeping the sick here than sending them south at this season of the year. The climate is a splendid one compared with India, and Hong-Kong just now is everything that is bad.

August 8th, Wednesday.—Yesterday morning, when we were quite despondent as to our chances of going on, to our great joy in comes the steamer "Australian," with a letter from head-quarters, ordering us to embark at once; and as I write this we are steaming gaily away for Peh-tang, twelve miles north of the Peiho. Here is all I can learn: 116 ships were anchored in line seven miles off the coast. Then in went the gunboats with the second brigade, First Division, and as they neared the two small forts that guard the false mouth of the Peiho, at Peh-tang, they saw colours flying on the battlements, but found after-

wards that the place was quietly evacuated. Since then, although Tartar cavalry are hovering around, there has been no fighting, and the army has been occupied in landing cavalry, guns, etc., and all the "matériel" for a campaign. When the "Australian" left on Monday, the Second Division had not been landed, so we have a very good chance of being in for all the fun. The general impression is, that the Chinese will make a good stand, and the 12th is mentioned as the day for our commencing operations.

August 9th.—We got to where the fleet lay at anchor at half-past five in the evening. D—— immediately rushed off to the "Impérieuse," and was back again immediately with the news that Admiral Jones would send us on shore at once, as the army was expected to march in the morning. A gunboat came alongside, and we were all in a state of excitement about getting off, but as dusk came on, it became apparent that our leaving the ship that night was impossible. Our ponies alone took three hours, and then the commander of the gunboat cast off, as

he considered it too rough to lay alongside any longer. All our things being packed up, we passed the night on cushions on the cabin floor.

August 10th.—Soon after daylight, Fairholme, with the "Havoc," came alongside, and got us quickly on board his little steamer. We could just trace the outline of the Peiho Forts, but could see nothing of the Peh-tang ones; buoys and boats were anchored to show us the passage over the bar. At each side near the mouth of the river were two mud forts, the one on the left was the head-quarters of the army. A mass of mud houses and mud streets, a muddy quay, crowded with muddy coolies, and still muddier ponies, a drizzling rain, and a horrid smell from all sorts of filth on the banks of the river, were a few of the pleasant things that greet us on our being landed. Then there was no one who knew anything about us at first, and it was afterwards found that there was no room for us on that side, so we had to re-embark in boats, and cross over to the other side, where we were crowded into a number of Chinese houses full of filth and fur-

niture. The want of water is our greatest difficulty. There is none drinkable in the place, and all we get is about a gallon a day distilled, which is sent from the steamer.

August 11*th.*—There is one village quite deserted between us and the sea, and all the rest is a dreary waste of mud. Borrowed a mule and rode over to it, and on coming back found that we were again to be left behind to garrison Peh-tang, and that the whole army was to move forward in the morning. Crossed over to the other side, and at head-quarters of the Second Division heard all the plans for the morning, and saw a plan of the country. In rage and despondency walked up to head-quarters, where I was put in the best of tempers and the highest spirits by Colonel M——, the quartermaster-general, kindly promising to take me on with the army, to act as a sort of orderly officer to him, and to make myself generally useful in his department. Rushed across to the other side; got a pony and servant over, and dined with K——, and the staff of the 3rd and 4th brigades; slept

there in spite of the fleas, which almost devoured us.

August 12*th*.—At half-past three we were up and stirring, as Brigadier Jephson's brigade was to be ready to march off at four. Went down and joined Colonel M——. We rode to the gate, and got on to the causeway about five o'clock. There we remained until ten o'clock, whilst the whole army passed out; 9333 fighting men of the English, and about 4000 French. Just as the last of them cleared the town, we cantered on to the front. The Second Division and cavalry took a route to the right, but we rode straight along the causeway, and joined head-quarters just as they had come up to the first out-work. Opened fire from the Armstrong and other guns, and the Tartar cavalry, who occupied it, quickly bolted, leaving a few dead, but no wounded. In the same way we advanced to the second line of works, and in the same way took them, simply by bringing up guns, with infantry in support. There was a third line of these crenelated mud-works in front of Sinho, a

large village, and we saw a great number of Tartars on a causeway leading from this village up to what appeared to be the commencement of the Peiho defences.

Armstrong guns were again brought to the front, and made some pretty practice. After a few rounds they took to their heels, and fled towards the forts. We then came upon their standing camp, and passed through the village of Sinho. On the other side of it we met Sir R. Napier and the cavalry. They had been opposed by three or four thousand Tartars, who at first behaved very well, riding up, in one instance under a heavy fire, right at Stirling's battery. They boldly stood against Fane's horse, but were of course driven back. Probyn charged them, and did a little pursuing practice, which lasted some hours. The Tartar ponies carry light weights, and great difficulty was experienced by the Seikhs in catching them. It was estimated by the cavalry that they killed and wounded two hundred. These Tartars threatened Brigadier Reeves's brigade, but they never came to the charging point. No infantry was seen

during the day. Whilst we were resting, the French pushed on along the causeway to the defences of Tangkoo, and opened a useless fire to get the range. We retired afterwards, and bivouacked on the western side of the village, in some dry ground, with plenty of hay belonging to the Tartar cavalry. It was agreed that the causeway alone would not do to attack this work, which had guns, and was of a much more formidable description, so it was determined to reconnoitre on the morrow, and find out if there were not other roads by which guns could be brought up.

August 13th.—A tremendous dew fell last night, and it was anything but pleasant in the open air, particularly without any regular dinner. Our tents and baggage came in from Peh-tang this morning. The Tartar cavalry threatened our line of communications last night, and managed to cut off a commissariat party. After breakfast, Colonel Wolseley went out on a reconnaissance, and found out that we could advance close to the left bank of the Peiho.

The artillery were all moved down towards the river, also the First Division, so as to be ready to move off the first thing in the morning.

Last night, when the French occupied Sinho, they looted it frightfully. It is very hard on our men that they should always have such an example shown them. The women and children, and old men, took refuge in some junks and boats in a creek that runs through the place, and we put a guard on them to save them from the tender mercies of our allies. Poor wretches, they were huddled together in the most helpless manner, when I saw them this morning.

August 14th.—Up at daylight, and off to the front. The Royals and 31st were to lead the way with four companies of the 60th, who covered the guns, some twenty-two in number, that were to open fire on the work we were proceeding to attack. We advanced along the bank of the river, whilst the French kept to the causeway. We had gone about half a mile when bang went a gingal from three junks moored up a creek

on the opposite side of the river on purpose to enfilade us. It was necessary to silence these fellows before we could advance, so Armstrongs were turned at them, but as they did not suit the range of the latter, a nine-pounder battery was brought up, and very soon finished their business. Then there was a stoppage of nearly an hour, whilst the road was being repaired at one place for guns. It was occupied by the Chinese in a work a little way inland, on the other side, sending gingal balls amongst us at a tremendous long range; and by a party of eight or nine of our sailors crossing over in a boat to the other side, and setting fire to the junk battery, which had been deserted. Then the line advanced, and in half an hour more we got into position. A trench had been thrown up during the night by Major Fisher and a party of the 31st and Royals. It was about 250 yards long, and into it was thrown the wing of the 60th. The guns were placed behind them, with Staveley's brigade partly in skirmishing order. The Chinese stood to their guns very well; and a party on the other side

of the river tried to enfilade us with rockets, thrown a great height and distance, but it was of no avail; and when we brought up our rocket battery, and commenced returning the compliment, they bolted altogether. Meantime, a party of the 60th, under Lieutenant Shaw, got in at the end of the work, close to the river. There were two well-cut ditches, full of water, in front of the place, but they had been obliged to leave a dam at the end, to keep the water in, and over it went the 60th. Then there was no end of a scurry, jumping over the ditches, and getting the men into the place. It was a sort of fortified camp, with a large village behind. Everybody expected that in rear of this village we should come to the inner northern fort, but we found that it was a considerable distance off, and that the intervening ground was marshy-looking, and cut up with ditches and canals.

The troops were tired, so the Second Division was brought up to occupy Tangkoo, whilst General Michel, whose horse was shot, moved his division back to their old position. Bowlby,

the *Times'* correspondent, is a very good fellow; he lives with us, and is one of the head-quarter mess.

August 15*th.*—This is to be a day of comparative rest. Ten days' provisions are to be got up from Peh-tang. Lord Elgin came to the front for the first time. Strolled over to the 31st camp, and found H—— in great distress; nothing but his rations. Late in the evening was sent out to count junks, in the creek that runs from Sinho to Peiho, and a very unpleasant business it was, particularly after getting beyond our outlying picquets. A bridge of boats is to be constructed across the river, and when it is finished, part of our army, with the cavalry, will cross over.

August 16*th.*—Our camp (head-quarters) is close by the Sinho Creek, and there was an extraordinary high tide this afternoon that completely flooded us. Managed to save our tent by an embankment, and inside this trench we ate our dinner, surrounded by water.

August 17th.—Shifted our camp about half a mile this morning; and had an embankment thrown up all around it to keep the tides out. In the afternoon rode up to Tangkoo. We got to Sir Robert Napier's head-quarters just as a flag of truce had been sent in with a letter to Lord Elgin, and a man of the 44th, who had been taken prisoner on Sunday. He seemed a good deal exhausted, and was giving an account of himself to Sir Robert when we entered. There is no doubt he had learnt Chinese in the incredibly short space of four days, for he gave us a detailed account of what they *said*, as well as of what they did. The truth of the matter, I fancy, was, that this man, with a sergeant of the Buffs, and a party of commissariat coolies, were coming out of Peh-tang towards evening, and they took to tasting the commissariat rum, and from the effects of this they lost their way and were pounced upon by the Tartar cavalry. This man says they were tied up and taken across the river, beaten with flats of swords, and exposed daily, for several hours, in different villages, where they were much ill-treated by the

people. He adds, that the man of the Buffs got knocked over, because he would not ko-tow, and died from the effects of the blow. He romanced a good deal about one place being mined and another without guns, and so forth. Went up to the roof of Sir Robert Napier's joss-house, from which one can see the whole of the forts. Sir Hope Grant and General Napier had gone out to reconnoitre the enemy's works round the inner north fort. They advanced a long way, but we did not wait to hear the result, and trotted back.

August 18th.—Rode up to the First Division, with an order, before breakfast. A flag of truce was sent in by us, with Lord Elgin's reply to yesterday's communication.

10 A.M.—There is a heavy firing going on in the neighbourhood of some orchards on the south side, nearly opposite where we are making the bridge of boats. A small party of French have stupidly crossed over, and the Chinamen are now blazing at them.

12 P.M.—The firing still goes on, and Mon-

tauban has just galopped up, and declared he will support the two companies on the other side, and a French brigade is now passing by on its way to the river.

2 P.M.—The French have occupied some orchards on the south bank, also the main road between Taku and Tient-sin, which the Chinese were beginning to break up. Majors Anson and Greathead, with Mr. Parkes, were in with the flag of truce at the time, which was rather awkward. They were brought right through the north forts, and taken over in a boat to the south side, where the principal people reside. They give a very bad report of the state of the Chinese troops; and Major Anson says he felt quite ashamed at having come so far to fight such a wretched set. Wretched they may be, but brave they certainly are; and no troops of their description could have stood to their guns better than they did on Tuesday, considering that they have to expose themselves tremendously in loading, and are merely protected by a slight parapet from our guns. By the by, one of our Armstrong guns opened to-day on a five-

gun battery of theirs on the other side, at about sixteen hundred yards' range; the third shot Barry knocked one of their guns and carriages right into the air, and the fifth shot bursting right amongst them, they replied no more.

Sunday, August 19th.—It is generally supposed that, on Tuesday or Wednesday next, Sir R. Napier will go in with the Second Division at the north forts. General Montauban, it is understood, is against this plan, his idea being that the south forts are the key of the position. There are a number of little canals between Tangkoo and the north forts. Sir R. Napier bridged two or three yesterday, and advanced the 67th considerably. We took forty-five guns in Tangkoo last Tuesday, thirteen brass, the remainder iron. There has already been promotion given in the French staff for this heroic achievement; a little premature, perhaps, but then the chief of the staff is a friend of the Emperor's, and came out here on purpose to be promoted. They have advanced a good deal on the south side, and have got a considerable portion of their force there.

August 20th.—It looks very like rain, and if it does come down heavy, I fear it will throw us back considerably. Sir Hope Grant went off to the front at daylight this morning, and it has been decided that Napier's division shall go in at the forts in the morning. Bowlby, the *Times'* correspondent, has gone up to sleep at Tangkoo, as the artillery will open the ball very early. The French have protested against the plan, but are willing to assist. They of course want to go in at the south side, and have the affair all to themselves. Ordered horses half an hour before daylight, and went to bed early, so as to have a good rest prior to to-morrow's work.

August 22nd, Wednesday.—Now for an account of the "Number one bomb-bomb pigeon," as the Chinese coolie corps, in great glee, called the work of yesterday.

At 4 A.M. we began to move about, drink tea and munch biscuit, and at a little before five Sir Hope Grant galloped off to Tangkoo, we following slowly along the causeway. About half-past five we heard the guns commencing; and by the

time we had ridden through Tangkoo, and got to where a picquet of the Buffs were on the other side of it, the whole of our artillery were in full play. It is about two miles and a half, in a circuitous direction, to the inner northern fort, which was the point of our attack. We had three mortars and four siege guns in position; and the fourth brigade and sappers had thrown up some parapets and covers for the troops during the night. No one, except officers strictly on duty, were allowed to pass through Tangkoo. The attacking force consisted of the Royal Marines, 67th, and 44th, under Brigadier Reeves. After putting our horses in what seemed a tolerably safe position, I joined the head-quarter staff, who were along with the guns. The fire had now lasted about an hour and a half. The fort on the other side was blazing away at us; but their guns were nearly all laid too high, and went nearer our horses in the rear than ourselves. In fact, the general opinion is, that when they have laid their guns, they do not understand, or have great difficulty in altering, their range. About a quarter-past seven, the troops got the order

to advance, and the mortars ceased firing. There is a high steep parapet round the fort, and in front of it a ditch, then four or five yards' depth of ground, completely studded with pointed wooden stakes, driven tight into the ground; then another broader ditch full of water, and then more wooden pegs and bushes. When the troops got near the outer ditch, they opened fire on the work, which the Chinese returned very pluckily, coming boldly out on the top of the parapet, and throwing every description of missile at our men—showers of gingal balls, arrows, stinkpots, and even clots of mud. A delay of some minutes occurred, whilst Graham, of the Engineers, laid a pontoon-bridge over the ditch, and it was during this time that our principal casualties took place. The French got in on the right with some difficulty, and, as a body, they were, perhaps, a little before us; though Burslem of the 67th, and another man, were the two first in the fort. Kempson, Brigadier Reeves's orderly officer, swam the ditch, as also did several others. Colonel Knox, when he saw the French flag coming into the fort, sent one of his colours up to the cavalier,

with Chaplain of the 67th; but as he got to the top he was badly wounded. We had a union-jack all ready to be hoisted; but it was lost in the confusion. Luckily I had another one, belonging to the quartermaster-general's department, so when we saw the French "drapeau" going in, and that there was none of ours, I ran in with mine, got up to a shed on the top of the cavalier, and seeing that there was a high pole attached to the roof, climbed up, and with some trouble sent our flag flying. Having rashly divested myself of my sword-belt and flask, whilst doing this, a Frenchman, who cared, I suppose, more for brandy than glory, quietly walked off with the latter.

As the Chinese fled across the mud to the next fort, and into the river, our men, and the French, kept up a fire on them, and a good many poor wretches were killed. Some, also, who had taken refuge in the casemated batteries were killed, owing to their being foolish enough to keep up a fire after we got into the fort. The whole of the ramparts were strewn with their dead and wounded, some of them frightfully disfigured. After we had established ourselves

in the place, we proceeded to inquire into our casualties; they amounted to about two hundred killed and wounded. The French lost three or four officers killed, and about an equal number of men with us. They were about one thousand strong, and we had under fifteen hundred. We had no officer killed; but the 67th had seven wounded, the Marines six, and the 44th three or four. Graham, of the Engineers, was shot by a ball in the leg, but remained sitting quietly on his horse till his work was over. Brooke, Sir R. Napier's aide-de-camp, was also shot in the leg, and his general had his opera-glasses broken by a gingal ball. Brigadier Reeves was looking quite pleased, with six wounds, more or less. Colonel Thomas had a bullet through his cheek, but rejoined his regiment the moment it was dressed. Antonio, the mess butler, had thoughtfully brought a pony to the front with breakfast, so, after all was over, we sat down and discussed it with considerable appetite. Meanwhile, the enemy from the outer fort sent in a flag of truce, to say that the fleet might come up the Peiho. I forgot to mention that the gunboats had been

blazing at this northern sea-board fort nearly all the morning, and had caused a considerable explosion in it. We also had blown up a magazine in the one we attacked. The reply to the Chinese was, that they must surrender everything, and they were given until two o'clock to think about it. As they said they had no authority to do this, Jephson's brigade was brought up from Tangkoo; and at two we advanced the same way as before, guns in advance of infantry in line. Owing, however, to the rain which was falling, we could not move all the heavy guns into a new position. On we went until we got pretty close, not a shot being fired at us as we advanced. We halted; there was no sign of any of the guns being manned; so a party of French walked up to the gate. It was barricaded; but ladders were brought, and over they went, followed by some of the Buffs. The ramparts were deserted. Quietly seated inside the fort were about a thousand of the Chinese army. They had thrown away their arms and caps, and were undistinguishable from the civil population. Their "morale" was evidently destroyed by the morning's defeat. They

had fought bravely then; but having found that we took a fort in less hours than they expected weeks, they had become completely disorganized, and the authorities could not get them to stand to their guns. Mr. Parkes went over to the south side, to see if they would peaceably surrender it; and soon after the admiral came up to the bar from the gunboats, and came into the fort to see the general, who pointed out to him two of the guns we lost last year. This outer fort is more than double the size of the inner, and on the two cavaliers were some very large brass guns. Arrangements were made for occupying it for the night, as well as for sending a party to the south forts, as we now observed all the troops evacuating them also. We sent some of the wounded over to Taku, and let all the prisoners go free, to carry the news of how the barbarians fought to the interior of China's empire. All this time it was pouring rain; and when about six we started on our way home, the whole face of the country was completely changed; it was one mass of mud, water, plunging horses, deeply-embedded guns, struggling mules, and wading

coolies. Never, not even excepting from Balaclava to the front, in its worst days in '54, did I see a worse seven miles. We were between two and three hours getting to Sinho. Tangkoo was a horrible chaos; and we had the greatest difficulty in getting through it. Even the knowledge that we had that day "opened the trade with China," was hardly sufficient to keep us in good temper. A camp ankle deep in mud did not contribute to soothe one, but an extra unlimited ration of champagne, on the strength of the forts being captured, was much more to the purpose; and having satisfied our hunger and thirst, and smoked the pipe of peace (for we all believe the war is over), we quickly took to our beds, wet and weary, after fifteen hours hard work. This afternoon, the head-quarter camp was moved into Tangkoo. As I neared it, saw our gunboats laying off the town, and some of the wounded being embarked on board the "Cooper." The bombs across the entrance of the river had been broken through early that morning.

August 23rd.—We occupy houses here. It is

a very dirty, bad-smelling place, but Peh-tang beats it. The admiral in the "Coromandel," with two or three gunboats, went up to Tient-sin this morning. It appears that the commander of the fighting-men on this side was killed in the little north fort, as also his lieutenant; and to this is attributed their not having made a stand a second time. There are 260 guns in the south forts, which are larger, stronger, and altogether better finished than the north ones.

August 24th.—Went down soon after daylight to the beach to get a passage to the fleet. Managed to get on board the "Slaney." She had come down, with Captain Dew, from Tient-sin during the night, and he was going out with despatches for Admiral Jones. The Royals and 67th were to go up to Tient-sin at once by water, the town having quietly surrendered. Prince Sang-kolin-sing had passed through the night before, with a hundred followers, very dispirited. The 44th are to go off at once to Shanghae, as the rebels seriously threaten that place. As we

steamed down the river, remarked that all the houses on banks on the south side were loop-holed, the doors blocked up, and here and there queer little batteries or odd guns posted. When one sees the great extent of the defences, and their strength, it appears astonishing that they gave up this south side without a struggle. Got some cheroots, a forage cap, and a pair of long boots, out of my baggage on board the "Australian;" but manfully withstood the temptation of taking any more kit on shore. Got on board the "Clown" in the afternoon, as she was starting for the Peiho. To her belongs the honour of having fired the shot which blew up the magazine on the 21st. Some of the navy people say ships ought not to remain here more than another month; as, after that, it will be excessively dangerous; and that if a division stops up at Tient-sin during the winter, it will be necessary to give them six months' supplies, and, during that period, communication with the rest of the world will almost entirely cease. Pleasant prospect for us, who are sure to be amongst the unlucky stay behinds! It got dark before we

reached the bar, and the gunboat dare not go in on account of the stakes; but Lord John Hay kindly gave me a passage up the river in his cutter.

August 25th.—On getting up a little late, found that the general and Lord Elgin had gone up to Tient-sin in the "Grenada." Went over to the little north fort with some coolies, and got some ice out of a large pit they have of it there. All the dead are long since buried, but it is full of the "débris" of the fight, and smells badly. Saw a cross to five French soldiers who were killed, as the inscription says, "Au champ d'honneur." Poor fellows! "The slough of honour" would be more appropriate, as there is not a twig of grass near the whole place.

Tuesday, August 28th.—On Sunday the mail came in with papers of June 27th. It was detained one day, in order that fresh credentials might be made out for Lord Elgin, to replace those he lost in the "Malabar." The cavalry have marched on Tient-sin.

August 30th.—I feel like a school-boy returned to work after a fortnight's holidays, for I write this from Peh-tang. On Wednesday an order came down from the commander-in-chief, directing the whole of the force to march on Tient-sin; a wing of the Buffs remaining to guard the south forts, and a wing of the 60th to look after the bridge of boats at Sinho. My regiment is to join the Second Division, and march with it as soon as the ordnance stores are cleared out here. The war being now over, and there being nothing particular for me to do, I thought it was only right that I should rejoin my regiment; so, after bidding good-bye to the head-quarter people, and thanking them much for their kindness, yesterday morning saw me jogging over the same road as we had marched on the 12th instant.

September 7th, Tient-sin.—My note-book has been laid aside for the last week, and now there are only a few minutes to revive it. I spent two days and a half at Peh-tang, on bad food and salt water. "On mange on ne dîne pas," was

our motto the whole time. We managed to get the ordnance stores and ourselves cleared out of the place on Saturday, September 1st, and crossing the bridge of boats, joined the Second Division, who were encamped on the right bank of the Peiho, just after dark. Our tents had lost their way, so we had to bivouac for the night out in the open air. Halted all next day, and E—— and myself rode into Taku to buy chickens. Made a pretty good forage. Saw nothing remarkable about the place. The works not as strong as those at Tangkoo.

Next morning, at 4 A.M., we marched *en route* to Tient-sin. We had two long hot marches, and the third day a short walk brought us to our ground, outside Tient-sin. Found the First Division and cavalry in regular standing camps, with large Indian tents. A very fair market, and plenty of ice and fruits.

Next morning rode into Tient-sin, and got my letters and lunch at head-quarters. They said that the convention was to be signed in a few days, and that all would be ready by Monday for the advance to Pekin; three officers and

fifty men of each regiment to form, with the whole of the King's Dragoon Guards, Lord Elgin's escort. We, the 67th, and one native regiment, are to winter at a place called Tong-chow, about twelve miles from Chefoo, the old French rendezvous. Some regiments go home immediately, and the remainder of the army awaits orders from England at Kowloon.

September 8th.—Yesterday afternoon we suddenly and most unexpectedly got an order that Fane's Horse, Barry's and Stirling's batteries, some engineers, the 99th, and 200 marines, were to march at daylight through Tient-sin, and encamp on the other side of the town, advancing towards Pekin the following morning. It appears that, after the convention had been drawn up, and everything arranged for signing, the commissioners declared that they had not power to sign a treaty of that description; so Lord Elgin said, "Very well, then we will go to Pekin, and arrange matters there;" and this is the first move in that direction. All this occurred only yesterday afternoon, and this morning we

marched at dawn through Tient-sin, and encamped about a mile beyond it. Afterwards rode back, and went down towards the south forts on the river to look for beer, as several small schooners, with stores, had worked up the river. With great difficulty succeeded in getting four dozen. Seven dollars, or one pound nine and twopence sterling, per dozen, was the price. However, if the ruffian had asked twice that sum we must have paid it, as we felt quite certain that without beer we should never cast eyes on the Celestial City.

Sunday, September 9th.—A long, hot march, and, owing to our having started too late, two of our men got a sun-stroke. In the afternoon forty carts, with Lord Elgin's baggage, made their appearance, and his camp was pitched close to ours. Offered to give long odds that his Excellency's valet lived better for the rest of this affair than D—— and myself; but, as it was betting on a certainty, he would not take it. Sir Hope Grant and the head-quarter staff also came up, and, much to Sir H.'s disgust, found bugles,

drums, and trumpets, all playing a lively tattoo, which he told the brigadier was monstrous in the presence of an enemy. Are we a peaceful escourt to the Queen's representative, or an advanced column of a belligerent force? No one can tell positively. Therefore I take it that we may become either according to circumstances, and what these circumstances will be whilst fighting with the Chinese no one can possibly foretell.

September 10*th*.—A short march of eight miles brought us to the further side of a small town, called Yang-tsien, where we halted early in the day. In the afternoon a heavy thunder storm came on, with rain, which lasted till midnight, and, in consequence, our march was postponed for to-morrow. Spent the evening writing for a mail which goes back to Tient-sin.

September 11*th*.—Our camp is in a graveyard, and, as the soil is sandy, we have no mud, thank goodness.

There are rumours of a large force and sixty

guns being some miles a-head of us, so, perhaps, after all, we may be in the war path. We have ice, fruits, and eggs here; but there is a difficulty about the commissariat getting supplies. Lord Elgin and the staff, though they have got carts, have lost the wherewithal to move them, for the mules and drivers last night all made a bolt of it. They have, however, managed to get some cattle from the commissariat to draw a part, and have hired boats to take the rest of their "impedimenta" to Tong-chow, some ten miles from Pekin.

September 12*th*.—We had a very pleasant march this morning of seven miles or so, and are now about thirty from Tient-sin. There are many more groves of large trees, and altogether the country looks far better than it did nearer the sea. To-day we first saw the mountains near Pekin. We are camped in a stubble-field, which is not pleasant; but we have piled up sheaves of Indian corn all round the tents, which make a very fair shade. My cart is a great comfort. We brought on ice and fruit from yesterday's

camp, which were very acceptable. By the by, Colonel Mackenzie tells us that six months' provisions have been ordered to be landed, which looks ominous. Bowlby, however, says we shall all be back in Tient-sin before this day month. Fellows talk of putting on their "war paint" to-morrow; but, for my part, I don't believe in our friends making another fight of it.

All of us, more or less, enjoy this march. We have first the change and the complete novelty of the country, and then it is something to be one of the first English army that has ever penetrated into the interior of China. Every one, individually, feels he is doing and seeing what has never been done or seen before, and that alone has a great charm in it now-a-days, when every one goes everywhere.

Ho-si-woo, September 14th.—This day six years, we landed in the Crimea. Then I was a boy. Now I am a somewhat used-up old captain. A long march of twelve miles and "a bit" brought us to this town, which we kept a little to our left, and pitched our tents

on the grass alongside the road, about a quarter of a mile from it. Managed to get our tent put up in a tope of trees, and I write this on the grass under their shade, with a delicious cool breeze passing through them. Although the sun during the day is still very powerful, the last two or three nights have been cold, and we are beginning to feel the want of more blankets than any of us at present possess. We are halted until further orders. The French advanced guard came in this morning, and part of our First Division will be in to-morrow. Some mandarins have come in again with peaceful overtures, but Sang-kolin-sing, who is between us and Pekin, is, they say, very anxious to have another turn at us. At all events, the siege guns which were to have come up have been countermanded, and also the Second Divison. Soon after daylight this morning, some of us rode through the town. It has some very good buildings in it, and one or two fine joss-houses. The houses are, however, all shut up, and the place seems deserted by all but the poorer classes. It is full of grain of every description.

Our commissariat are hard up for supplies, and the men have had no bread this morning yet, but they are hard at work, baking with Chinese flour. We have quantities of most delicious grapes, which is one comfort.

Finished our ride with an exciting small pig-hunt with our doctor's hounds. A good seven minutes were passed before "Beppo" ran into him, and he came to bay. After a pause we had another short spurt, killed our prey close by the kennel, and brought him in in triumph. He is now being skinned for to-night's dinner.

September 16th.—We are still at Ho-si-woo, and Sir John Michel has arrived. After church-parade, went over to Fane's people. Cautley, with a party of sowars, had come in from Tong-chow, yesterday afternoon. They had gone there as an escort to Mr. Parkes. On their way back, they rode through the Tartar camps, some twelve or fourteen miles off, and the Tartar cavalry turned out as they passed through; so I presume it is peace. The night before last, the great pawnbroker's, or "Mont de Piété," of

Ho-si-woo, was discovered, owing to a lot of low natives trying to plunder it. They did get in, but were quickly driven out, and a guard put on, with orders that no one but officers were to be allowed to enter. But, alas! for the probity of the British officer, it is said that they looted to a man. I cannot swear to any general joining in the sack; but field-officers, I hear, were almost as eager and as plentiful as ensigns. Yesterday morning we rode down to our Chinese uncle's. There were about fifteen rooms. One large one was devoted to gold and silver ornaments, pearls, etc.; whilst the others contained thousands of packages of fur coats, silk dresses, and mandarin clothes of every description; also common blue cotton dresses, and one room full of cash. I am not going to criminate my friends; we will drop a veil over all yesterday's transactions. Suffice it to say, that after the horse had got pretty well out of the stable, or, in other words, after the mandarins' coats and the lady mandarins' skirts and dresses had got into sundry bags and portmanteaus, and pearls, too, into sundry pockets, out comes an order

from his Excellency the Commander of the Forces, "that officers were to be assembled by their commanding officers at once, and informed of his extreme displeasure at what had occurred, and told that if they did it again, they would not be allowed into any more towns;" so we must all be good boys for the future. To-night we are to have three days' rations issued to us, of everything except rum and meat; so we expect a move to-morrow.

September 20th.—Alma was fought and Delhi taken on this day, and Tong-chow and the Tartars ought also to have been destroyed, but something has occurred to prevent our moving, and here I sit on outlying picquet, under the shade of some trees, in a Tartar camp, with a party of about two hundred and fifty men. But I am anticipating matters a good deal. A change had come o'er the spirit of our dream, and, after having made up our minds for a peaceful promenade to Pekin, we have suddenly found it a most warlike one.

At daylight on the 17th, we left Ho-si-woo, and quite time it was that we did so, for what with shamshoo, bad brandy, and loot, the men

were getting very slack. Half the regiment was drunk the night before we marched. We had a walk before arriving at Mateou of some thirteen miles, and after we got in the pleasing news came that our carts had all stuck on the road. Sending my riding pony back at once to assist, and mounted on a blind old mule, I proceeded to the scene of the disaster. Found that owing to the roads being more than foot deep in dust, it had become impossible to get the animals to pull through the village without rest and additional aid. It was dark before we got into camp, and the servants dead beat.

Next morning, September 18th, we marched about five miles, when we suddenly found that there was something going on at the head of the column. Saw Reboul, our French commissioner, riding back to our allies, who were in rear of us. Soon afterwards the baggage and artillery were halted, and passing by it on one side of the road, we formed up in column near the Queen's and 15th Punjaubees. Presently up came Montauban, and he had a conference with our General. Then the news quickly spread that there was a large

force of cavalry and infantry, with guns in front, ready to oppose our further progress. Some mandarins came out from the enemy, whom we could now distinctly see occupying an extended front of some miles. After half an hour's talk these fellows went back.

Colonel Walker and Parkes, with an escort of Fane's Horse, were inside, they having gone forward to prepare our camping-ground the day before. Bowlby, the *Times'* correspondent, ever foremost where something was to be seen and recorded, had accompanied them; and we were beginning to feel a little anxious about them. As things had now begun to look like a fight, it was necessary at least to warn them to withdraw as quickly as possible. Locke, Lord Elgin's secretary, and Captain Brabazon, accordingly went forward with a flag of truce into the enemy's lines. After a delay of about two hours in all, we suddenly heard some shots fired, and immediately after the order was given to fall in, and Sir John Michel rode up to arrange our advance. The Queen's were to extend in skirmishing order on the extreme left.

With the 15th Punjaubees, Brigadier Reeves with the marines and ourselves were to hold the centre; and we had artillery, the King's Dragoon Guards, and the French on our right; Probyn's people were on our left flank; Major Dowbiggin with two of our companies went forward and occupied some houses in front of the Tartar position. By bringing forward the left, until we had outflanked them, our plan of attack must have forced them either to retire through the town of Chang-chia-wan, or fight our centre and right. After an hour's firing, and our gradually pushing on, they chose the former alternative. In our part of the field, they did not come forward much. Our two companies opened a scattered fire on their centre, to which they replied by throwing gingal balls up at the main body of our column. It was a great day for the colours of the 99th; the first time they were ever under fire. Storms of shot went over our heads, and a few fell close amongst us. When the Tartars retreated, we had a very fatiguing walk through Indian corn-stubbles for about a mile, when we came up to the river Seaou-ho, where

the regiment was once more united, and my command of a part of it ceased. A few minutes were given for the men to get water, when we again pushed on. A hot, dusty march of something under a mile brought us to the gates of Chang-chia-wan.

The Seikhs had got in before us, and the inhabitants, or rather the few that remained, were flying in every direction. As the head of my regiment came to a bridge, two Chinese ladies, who were on it, took it into their heads to jump over the parapet. They fell on the path on the side of the river; one had broken both her feet, and the other one must have been hurt also. As we passed over, a man was supporting one of them, and groaning over her; I suppose her father. There were several men lying dead about the streets, who had either been left behind by their own people, or had been killed by the 15th. We went through the town at a racing pace, and left no end of men dead-beat behind us. The dust was suffocating, and the heat and want of water finished them.

On the other side of the town we came upon

the Tartar camps. Most of these were soon in a blaze, and there were no end of explosions in consequence. We halted and got water for the men, who were very thirsty, and soon afterwards I was sent with four companies out to the front, and passing by the burning camps, occupied this one, which was unhurt, with the main body, sending detachments to one in a tope of trees on my right, and also to one a little to the left. We got twenty-one guns, mostly small brass ones, and large quantities of powder, partly in tumbrils and partly in magazines. It soon became dark; and after throwing out sentries, we sat down to eat some sweet potatoes and half-cooked fowls, which our men procured for us by way of a dinner. I had little or no sleep that night, being very anxious about my post, as there were no picquets communicating with me, either on the right or left. As all the huts had more or less powder in them, I was obliged to make my men bivouac out in front. These huts are made of Indian-corn straw and large mats. They are very clean and comfortable looking; but they burn like paper. Once during the night, a Chinese lantern,

which had been imprudently left lighted, caught fire close to them, and I was only just in time to save the camp at the expense of my only blanket. Then bang went a shot from the picquet posted on the left, and rushing out to inquire into it, I found that the sentry seeing several people advancing towards him after he had challenged them, fired at them, when they ran away. I could not blame the man, but was sorry to find in the morning a villager lying shot through the heart, about twenty yards from this post. They had been looking for plunder amongst the huts, and, unluckily, stumbled on my man, who made a better shot in perfect darkness than he probably would have done in broad daylight. In the morning rode out and communicated with a picquet of the King's Dragoon Guards, and G—— and a party with him took the opportunity of clearing a deserted neighbouring village of its poultry. In the afternoon G—— went out with a fresh party, and brought in thirty-one sheep. They were straying about without an owner, so that it was only charity to take care of them.

There is a house and a well just behind this camp. The ladies of this establishment also took it into their heads to commit suicide, and much to my annoyance they were in the morning found at the bottom of the well, which I principally depended on for water for my men. They had to be hauled out and buried, and the latter office had also to be done for an elderly gentleman whom we found shot in the court-yard of the house, and who was evidently the husband of one and father of the other two women. All these things are really very distressing, and my voice is for anything but war; but fate and these Tartars force us to it. Parkes, Locke, Brabazon, Bowlby, Anderson, and some of Fane's Horse are, we now learn, prisoners amongst them; Colonel Walker managed to escape, and the first shots we heard on the 18th were fired at him, as he gallopped away, leaving his sword behind him. Parkes had been living amongst them for two or three days, and everything had been arranged for a peaceable advance to Tong-chow, when they suddenly seem to have changed their minds. The town of Chang-chia-wan is given over to loot,

and if they do not change their minds again, and give up their prisoners, there will be the devil to pay. My picquet remains here till we move, which we hope will be to-morrow.

September 23rd.—On the evening of the 20th received orders to form at half-past five next morning, on the road leading from Chang-chia-wan in the direction of Pekin. Had hard work getting everything ready for the move, and little sleep. They sent me down bullocks for the baggage, and loading them in the dark was no joke, as several of the brutes broke away and kicked off their baggage. However, we managed to reach the rendezvous in good time, and joined the rest of the regiment when the column came up. We moved on about two miles, then halted, and let some French pass us. After going on about another half-mile we formed up for an advance on the enemy's position. It is extraordinary how little idea it is possible for a regimental officer to form of the movements of an army; and when there is a dusty country, as there was then, one can merely make out what

occurs in one's immediate neighbourhood. The marines and ourselves formed on the left, with Fane's Horse and the King's Dragoon Guards about half a mile to our left, protecting our flank. In front there soon appeared thousands of Tartar cavalry, stretching along for some miles. We advanced in column, and as we went on the Tartars galopped out in swarms to meet us. We took ground to the left of the marines, and the latter formed square. As they came on, our leading company gave them one volley, and instantaneously they turned round and trotted back to their original position. Sir John Michel just then rode up and ordered us to deploy, and from that time until the end of the day he was almost always with the regiment. There were still masses of cavalry in our front and extending far to our left. Suddenly we saw the King's Dragoon Guards emerge from a cloud of dust, and fall upon them, like a wall of iron. It was a magnificent sight. The Tartars opened showers of gingal balls, and stood very fairly; but what could withstand the weight and pluck of British Dragoons? They drove them before

them like sheep, and Fane coming down on their flank completed their discomfiture. Unfortunately, he was pulled up by a ditch, which gave his men much trouble and many falls in crossing.

Never before saw so much slaughter for a charge. The ground was strewed with dead, most of them with frightful sabre cuts. One man of ours only lay dead upon the ground, and Captain Bradbury was the only officer severely wounded. Several were, however, upset by friends as well as foes, and lost their chargers in the *melée*.

We went over the ground where this charge took place within five or six minutes afterwards, and it was ludicrous to see our Seikhs, with their long spears, poking at wretched Tartars, who had been dismounted, and had sought shelter under the sheaves of Indian corn. On we pushed, and whenever the Tartar cavalry attempted to stand, our artillery opened upon them. Just before we reached one of their largest camps, they made a good deal of show of holding their ground, and I was sent out with two companies to skirmish. Whilst riding for-

ward with Sir John Michel, my pony put his foot in a drain, fell, and rolled over me. I was up again in a minute, but somehow lost my sword, although I did not miss it at the time. Another company was sent out to reinforce these two, and for a few minutes we opened fire, but the enemy retreated to a village on our left, behind a tope of trees. Sir Hope Grant, who had come up, sent Major Dowbiggin with two companies after them, and, after a short delay, I was sent to occupy a village on the right with the remainder of the regiment. We met with no resistance on our side, and halted near a well of water. The men had been howling for drink for nearly an hour, and behaving not very well about it. There was a wretched man close to this well, who had been fearfully burnt, either by an explosion of his own powder, or by one of our shells, and he tried to crawl to it to drown himself; but, of course, I could not let him do that. Then, in his agony, he tried to dash his brains out against a stone. At last, in mercy, I allowed a sowar to shoot him. After a halt of about an hour, we were all concentrated again,

preparatory to marching to our camping ground for the night. At this time we were within six miles of Pekin. The two other companies, under Dowbiggin, had had a little killing and shooting, but not much hard fighting, except running the risk of a few pot-shots from wounded and retreating Tartars. They burnt the principal camp, and took a quantity of splendid mules, but were made to give them up to the commissariat. We marched about two miles back to our camping ground, on the side of a canal, about three miles from Tong-chow, the French taking up their position at a bridge about ½ mile nearer the latter place, on the stone causeway leading from Tong-chow to Pekin. My stud has had such accessions to it of late, that I am obliged to abandon two mules and a pony, keeping, however, an excellent team of three mules and my old riding pony. At present there is no difficulty about forage, for every house is a small granary.

September 24th.—Sir Robert Napier is coming up by forced marches, and some say he will be in

this evening. The siege guns are to be brought up to batter down the walls of Pekin. The situation of Parkes and the rest is becoming serious. Although we have had flags of truce, they have not come from the Tartars, who have got hold of our people, but from the Chinese inhabitants of Tong-chow, who have surrendered their town peaceably, and will supply us with provisions if we do not molest them. The marines are going down there this morning, and our depôt is to be established there.

September 25th.—The last shave is, that the Tartars say they will keep Parkes and the others until we leave the country, and have sent word to that effect. Sir R. Napier came in last night, and some of the 8th Punjaubees; so we shall have the Second Division once more established. The siege guns are at Ho-si-woo. They call this place Pu-se-tsa. Rode over to Tong-chow, or rather to the suburb, where the marines are, as no one enters the gates. We were lucky enough to catch some boats with beer that had just come up. The river only comes as far as Tong-chow.

From that place up to here there is a canal; but everything has to be carried about two hundred yards from the river to it.

September 26th.—Rode over to Tong-chow, taking a cart for the beer. Thirty-eight shillings per dozen is not a bad price for Allsopp. Paid eleven dollars for a box of cheroots; more than three times the Hong-Kong price. Tobacco a dollar a pound, and everything else equally dear. The Chinese inhabitants of Tong-chow took the law into their own hands last night, and killed three of our coolies for plundering. To-day we had an execution of one of them, and two more received one hundred lashes each. All the camp followers of the army had to attend, and it is to be hoped it will have a good effect, as their excesses have been great. When they get into a village they set about plundering most systematically, and there is not a single moveable article left within half an hour. An alarm of the enemy in our rear to-day turned out to be some of Probyn's people chasing mules. The latter have been out on a reconnais-

sance, and have ridden up to the walls of Pekin.

September 28th.—A tremendous dust-storm all yesterday morning, nearly suffocated us. The Rifles and 67th came in, and we did our best to entertain the latter. This morning there is a report that five of our people have lost their heads amongst the Tartars. Poor Bowlby never would believe that they would make another fight of it after Taku, and told me so as we were riding together into Ho-si-woo. I only hope he may live to acknowledge the error of his opinion. We have a very fair market, and plenty of eggs, grapes, apples, and fowls. The weather is getting perceptibly colder.

September 29th.—"The feeble must buy what the valiant shall win;" so I have been making a deal with S—— for some of his embroidered silk dresses, which would make nice presents for ladies in England.

The "shave" yesterday was, that the Emperor had abdicated in favour of Sang-kolin-sin, or

Sam Collinson, as he is more generally called; for there is a large party who maintain that the individual is not Chinese at all, and that Sam would fight to the last. To-day it is more peaceful. "*It is said*" that the Tartars have sent in word that the prisoners are all safe, and have forwarded Mr. Parkes's autograph to vouch for it; that they are willing to make peace with us, as they understand our cause of offence; but they want to know what the devil brings the French here, and vow that if the latter dare to advance on Pekin they will kill all their prisoners. Found a farm-house full of grain near our cavalry picquet, and G—— took one of his mules out of the cart and put it to turning the grinding stone. A couple of sacks of flour rewarded him for spending his afternoon in this useful employment.

September 30th, Sunday.—M'Ghee read the service to us this morning, in his usual impressive manner, and gave us a good short sermon. Prayers were desired "for those who were unrighteously made prisoners, and are now detained

by the enemy." The idea is, that we advance to-morrow. When Lord Elgin found that we should have to wait some time for heavy guns, he sent to the Chinese to say that he would give them a few days to consider what they would do; but this forced piece of grace must ere now have expired.

October 3rd, Wednesday.—We did *not* advance on Monday; but the large guns were all got up, and moved about two miles along the high road to Pekin, and the 60th sent to guard them. Yesterday the dust and wind were so disagreeable in our camp, that several of us took a "constitutional" into Tong-chow to avoid them; and after lunching with the hospitable marines, we walked through the town, as they have now given us one of the gates. The walls, which look strong enough from the outside, turn out in many parts to be almost a complete sham, and not above a couple of bricks thick, the old wall having tumbled down, and the gaps having been patched up. There is a fine pagoda-tower, octagon-shaped, with thousands of bells hanging round the sides,

at short intervals; but otherwise it is a poor looking place, not nearly as good as Tient-sin. The inhabitants, who are all Chinese, were very civil. To-day the army moved about three miles, to where the rifles and siege-guns are now; our next move must be "Pekin." The weather has completely changed, and the nights are excessively cold. We got some blankets yesterday, which were very acceptable.

October 4th.—At half-past six to-morrow morning we are again to move; all our baggage is to be left behind, except one cart per regiment, to carry the officers' blankets and provisions, and the men are to take three days' cooked rations; so I suppose we are in for another "bomb-bomb pigeon."

A rather good practical joke was played on an impudent rascal of our regiment this morning. He was on a fatigue party; and the provost-marshal happening to ride by, he facetiously called out, "Who carries the cats?" If he had really any doubts on the subject, they were speedily set at rest, by the articles being immediately pro-

duced, and applied to his bare back some four-and-twenty times, with such effect that he has reported himself to the doctor, as being too sore to carry his pack to-morrow.

October 5th.—Moved off at daylight, and formed in mass of columns; the French on our left. My regiment was advanced to cover our left front, and we threw out a company of skirmishers. We marched about five miles, when we came to some enormous brick-kilns, and after the generals had made a reconnaissance, we were halted here for the night. From the top of these kilns we could see, amongst the trees, the gates and pagodas of Pekin. We occupied a large yard surrounded with pottery warehouses, and slept amongst thousands of earthenware dishes.

October 6th.—People are a good deal in the dark about the geography of Pekin and its environs. To-day we made a flank march, and came to a suburb, about half a mile fron the north-east gate of Pekin. We have taken possession of the houses on each side of the main road,

leading up to the gate, for the Second Division, and the First Division are on our right. We had to break open a good many doors, and found a number of women and old men huddled up in great consternation inside. One old fellow was, however, quite confident, and informed us that he was a "Mussulman," evidently expecting that he would be treated very well in consequence, but I am afraid the poor old boy, who possessed a rather good house, had it just as much "looted" as if he had been a Tartar.

Sunday, October 7th.—At daylight this morning twenty-one guns were fired, as our cavalry and the French were lost last night, and no one knows where they are. The provost and picquets have been hard at work thrashing natives, who have been robbing the houses.

7 P.M.—The commander-in-chief has just come in, having discovered Pattle's brigade and our gallant allies. The French, either accidently or purposely, pushed on yesterday to the Emperor's summer palace, about four miles off. They have plundered it tremendously, and now,

it is said, that they have watches, and clocks, and jewellery absolutely lying about their camp. M——, who was over there, says the things inside are magnificent, and he has brought in some splendid dresses and bits of jade-stone, so we have mustered as many dollars as we can collect, and are off to the French camp, and, if possible, to the palace also, in the morning. General Montauban, I hear, declares that everything is being guarded most carefully by him, so we must suppose that his men are merely keeping the things in their tents and knapsacks for safety.

Monday, October 8th.—A memorable day in the history of plunder and destruction. Off soon after daylight with a select little party, and a parson as "dux." We got to a village near the palace at about eight. Here I was induced to join Reboul, and left the others, thinking that he ought to be the best guide. Instead of that, I had not got more than a quarter of a mile with him when he declared he had lost the way. Being too proud to retrace my steps,

I, alone and unguided, struck out a path for myself. I knew one landmark, as I thought, and also knew that there was a paved road leading to the palace. At length I reached this paved road, but, without knowing it, I entered it on the other side of the palace, and thus I rode four or five miles before discovering my mistake. Fortunately it then suddenly struck me that neither French nor English had I seen all the way, and I luckily turned, for going on much further must have brought me to a Tartar picquet, as I afterwards found that no one had advanced anything like so far in that direction. Retracing my steps I came at length to the palace-gardens, got hold of a French soldier, who did not know the way, and found myself lost in a labyrinth of paths and islands. It was nearly twelve o'clock before I got out of this maze, and found myself at the palace-gates. Saw every one clearing off, loaded with booty; and, in despair, took to buying pearls in the French camp, and a few jade-stone trifles. When I went into the palace it was in a frightful state of disorder. Everything that could not be moved

was being smashed, and property that the Chinese would have ransomed for a million was being carried away or destroyed. Every officer in our army who had managed to procure leave was doing business, and the more enterprising had brought carts with them. Some confined their attention to jade-stone ornaments and vases; others were in the enamel bronze line. A few took to embroidered silk and fur coats; whilst a large proportion went in exclusively for 'folls' of silk. Presently I saw a troop of Seikh cavalry fall in in the court-yard. Their appearance was somewhat ludicrous, for each sowar had about twenty-four rolls of silk piled up in front and behind their saddles. These silks were of every description of colour, and the men could hardly get their hands over the pile in front so as to guide their horses. In the French camp, where the troops expected to move that afternoon, the men had thrown rolls of silk on the ground, and, for a couple of dollars, I got as many as I could carry. Not having been at Delhi, Lucknow, or any good sack, I own to being very green about the business. Indian fellows were

quite at home at the work; but with regard to the rest of us, I don't believe one man in twenty knew how to go about it; for the man who "loots" well must have a good knowledge of minerals and metals, a quick eye, a cool head, and, above all, a determined fixedness of purpose. "He who hesitates is lost," and half the fellows got little or nothing by first picking up one thing and then throwing it down for something else, or rushing about to inquire whether it was valuable or not.

People don't plunder palaces every day, so I will try to give a notion of the scene. Imagine Christie's, Hunt and Roskell's, Howell and James's, half-a-dozen watch and clockmakers, two or three upholsterers, and that fine fan-shop in Regent Street, all being under the same roof; and then imagine, if you can, what would be your sensations when told that, without breaking the eighth commandment, you might have your run of the place for just ten minutes, and no more. I think that even ladies would be somewhat confused, and would have hardly made up their minds ere the time had expired.

Now this was the case with many of us. As for myself, after having made a fair collection, I incautiously intrusted a Chinaman to carry the greater part of it, and the villain took advantage of my stopping for a moment to look at the throne, and disappeared; so, except my purchases from the French, I had nothing but two or three coats of the Sun's brother, which I threw over my saddle. Rode back with an *irregular* cavalry man, who had a cart-load of silk, *cum multis aliis*. On getting into cantonments found that D——, having brought in two coolie loads of loot, had ridden back on a second venture. The example was contagious, and when M——, who had ONLY got thirty-four rolls of silk, proposed that we should go back again, and declared that he knew the direct road to the silk-rooms, I was weak enough to take a pack-mule and start with him. When we got there, however, we found these rooms were completely cleared out, so we had to content ourselves with about three hundred pieces of embroidered silk, each about the size of a cushion, and beautifully worked, which have since sold for about seventy

pounds. As we left the palace it was quite dark, but flames breaking out from part of it lighted us on our homeward path. Bought a great lump of sycee-silver from a Frenchman, and he and two comrades walked with us to our house for the money. Lay down very tired, and with the conclusion that plundering a palace was, after all, anything but an amusing occupation. It brings out all the worst passions of one's nature—avarice and covetousness amongst others. Every one is dissatisfied with what he has got, because he thinks some one else has done better; and I believe every one feels more or less lowered in his own estimation, by the inward knowledge of what his feelings are on the occasion.

October 9th.—To-day there was a general surrender of all our ill-gotten possessions. It was decided that everything taken at the palace should be given up, and sold for the benefit of the army. Sir Hope Grant, in a very good general order, put it entirely to the honour of the officers that they should give up *everything;* so, of course, there was nothing for it but to

produce all. An exception was made as regarded those things purchased in the French camp. I have been able to retain a good many trifles that I bought there; also a pretty little dog, smaller than any King Charles, a real Chinese sleeve-dog. It has silver bells round its neck, and people say it is the most perfect little beauty they ever saw.

Parkes, Locke, and one French officer have been given up by the mandarins in Pekin. The others, they say, are either dead or have been taken away by the Tartar army. They are still hesitating about surrendering the city; accordingly siege-guns have been brought up, and batteries are being traced.

October 10*th.*—Rode over with two or three others to the French camp, to see what we could pick up. They were full of watches, jewelled snuff-boxes, and ornaments of every description; but they asked as much for many things as one would pay in Paris. The fact is, they have got so much silver that they don't care about selling anything that they can carry; and despising

thoroughly the luxury of a change, their knapsacks are crammed with the spoils of war. In one camp we saw them squatted down in parties or squads, whilst the corporals served them out ingots in the way our men get biscuit; and a sergeant assured me that every man in his company had at least one, if not two, watches apiece.

October 11*th*.—All the things taken from the palace were laid out in a large joss-house at headquarters this morning, and at two o'clock the sale commenced. When we saw the quantity of enormous bronze enamel vases, China jars, and jade-stone ornaments of every description, which had been collected together, with the piles of furs, silks, and satins, it was unanimously agreed that, taking into consideration their short space of time, their want of proper transport, and with so many their want of opportunity to get at the palace, no men could have acquitted themselves more creditably than the officers of this little army. The things sold for enormous prices. One coat was knocked down for seventy-five pounds to a captain of Madras sappers; not a single fur coat of any value

went for less than twenty pounds. The whole day's sale realized over three thousand pounds.

October 12*th*.—At it again at ten this morning. The first thing, a gold jug, was unanimously presented by the officers of the army to the commander-in-chief. We of the Second Division afterwards bought two jade-stone vases for Sir Robert Napier, who, as well as his Excellency and Sir John Michel, had given up all claims to prize-money. They say the proceeds of this auction, together with all the gold and silver found, will amount to about thirty thousand pounds sterling, two-thirds of which go to the men and one-third to the officers. We are, it is thought, all to winter at Tient-sin. Nine sowars of Fane's Horse, who were taken at Chang-chia-wan, have been sent in, and they give a frightful description of the sufferings and death of poor Anderson, the adjutant of their regiment. His hands were bound so tight that they ultimately swelled, and all the veins burst. They became a mass of corruption, mortified, and fell off, before death released him from his misery. It is now

feared that all the others have met with a like fate. Verily, these Tartars deserve a terrible vengeance for all this. Our batteries are ready, and if the gates are not given up before noonday to-morrow, we are to commence breaching the wall, and as soon as the breach becomes practicable we are to storm the place. Such are the general orders to-night.

October 13*th.*—We were in readiness to move off during the forenoon at a moment's notice; but the mandarins have thought better of it, and the Anting Gate (or Gate of Peace) was handed over to us this morning. Rode down in the evening to the Temple of the Earth, and saw the position of our batteries. The Emperor, I hear, goes to this temple once a-year, and reads an address on the benefits of agriculture, and then ploughs a little. The walls of Pekin are most imposing, and I have no doubt are the largest in the world. The gates are also proportionately massive.

October 14*th.*—Sang-kolin-sin, who is reported to be only five or six miles off, sent six

coffins into the city to-day, and they were brought up to our camp this evening. They are supposed to contain the bodies of our people who have died; but whilst at dinner at Sir Robert Napier's, Captain Farquharson, aide-de-camp, came in, and said the bodies were so decomposed that they could not be recognized; but they saw De Norman's spurs. The bodies are supposed to be those of the latter, Anderson, Bowlby, and some sowars; and their names in Chinese are on the coffins. Brabazon and the French Abbé were taken from the rest, and have never been heard of since.

October 15*th.*—If we do not look out, the regular winter will overtake us whilst we are waiting here. There is a shave this morning that we are to winter in Pekin, but one can scarcely believe it.

October 16*th.*—Rode down to the Anting Gate to see the 67th, who are on guard there. It was a bright, clear day, and from the walls we got a fine view of the country, and the mountains of Mon-

golian Tartary in the distance. We had rain last night, and this morning some of these mountain-tops were white, which looks ominous. To-day the *on dit* is that we do not winter here, and that, in spite of Lord Elgin and diplomacy, and the opinion of the French, our chief will not consent to risk his army for the sake of securing a rotten treaty a few months sooner. There is, however, still an unpleasant rumour that two thousand men will be left here.

October 17*th.*—In a keen, howling blast, the forerunner of what we may expect with double force ere long, with dark clouds lowering over us, and with all the sad ceremony of a soldier's funeral, the officers of the French and English armies followed to their last grave the bodies of four of our unfortunate countrymen who fell victims to the treachery of Sang-kolin-sin and his Tartar hordes. They were Anderson, of Fane's Horse, De Norman, the attaché, Bowlby, of the *Times*, and a private of the King's Dragoon Guards. They were buried in the Russian cemetery, where their graves, it is

hoped, will remain uninjured. To-morrow the First Division proceed to burn the Summer Palace. It ought to have been to-day as a sort of funeral pile to the shades of our people, and as a mark in the annals of the Chinese Empire of how the "barbarians" punish treachery.

October 18*th*.—Rode up to the Anting Gate as some of our companies were on guard there. About mid-day we saw columns of smoke ascending from the direction of the Summer Palace. The ultimatum now gone in is to claim an indemnity of ten thousand pounds for each European who has died whilst in the hands of the Tartars, and one thousand pounds for each native soldier, or else the palace in Pekin will be treated the same as the other. Walked down to the Llama Temple in the afternoon; it is an immense range of buildings of the joss-house description. In some of them there are most disgusting and indecent figures. The tomb of the Llama is the finest thing we have yet seen. It is some fifty feet high, and its architectural symmetry is very good. It is entirely made of marble,

as well as the gates round it. The military train are now occupying the court-yards with their horses, mules, etc. At first we rather respected the place, but the temptation was too much for the Punjaubees, and I fear much some "curio" collectors amongst the officers also succumbed. The consequence is that every portable god and goddess, as well as all small things pertaining to the mythology, have disappeared. The army has now got a thirst for plunder which it will be difficult to cure. We don't, however, hurt each other's feelings by calling things by ugly names. When you meet a friend riding a fine mule, or with a sackful of silk or silver bangles,* you merely inquire when and where he "annexed" this property. The Emperor Napoleon has given us a lesson in politeness. By the by, how we are ever to get all our "annexations" down to the fleet is a problem of dubious solution.

October 19th.—The whole sky, on the Summer Palace side of the horizon, is black with the

* A sort of bracelet.

volumes of smoke from it and the smaller palaces round it. We hope the old Emperor, in his hunting-box in the hills, may see it. Several staff-men, who went out with the First Division yesterday, filled their carts with enamelled bronze vases, which were still remaining.

A general order has come out, warning the men that, in the event of our occupying Pekin, the commander of the forces has pledged his word that the private houses of the inhabitants shall not be hurt. He therefore places his honour in the hands of his army, and trusts that they will injure nothing. He also tells them that they must keep united, and that those who straggle will probably be cut off. There is also an order just out, that we are to hold ourselves in readiness to march to-morrow morning. We have got rid of the men's prize-money to-day. Privates get about fifteen dollars' weight of sycee-silver; sergeants about twenty-nine. The officers' shares have not yet been allotted.

October 20th.—This morning there were orders out for entering Pekin and taking the palace,

but they were countermanded; and it now appears that the Chinese have given in, in every point, and the Emperor's brother has come to say so. The indemnity and everything is to be paid, and a peace signed at once. The second sack of the palace, and the mandarins' palaces beyond it, has turned out a better thing than the first one. Harris, of the Punjaubees, has brought in 300 lbs. weight of gold, valued at something like £11,000. Several people have bought up gold from the native troops for a few dollars; in one case a piece worth at least £200.

October 21*st*, *Sunday*.—The weather is cold again, and last night was particularly so. Several of us have got a touch of rheumatism in consequence. Latest report, that Lord Elgin makes his entry into Pekin on Tuesday; that he takes up his abode there for a few days, and then we all trot off to Tient-sin, where 3000 men and some cavalry remain, whilst the rest of the force goes down to Hong-Kong, India, and England. As I write this, the news comes in that my regiment goes to Canton. At this we are most of us

much pleased, for we dreaded the weary, long winter at Tient-sin, cut off as we should be for some months almost entirely from the rest of the world.

October 22*nd.*—We were going to see the ruins of the Summer Palace, under the protection of a cavalry patrol, but the escort was countermanded, as a rumour had come in that Sang-kolin-sin had come back, and declared that, although the Chinese had made peace, he would not, and that he would lay guns to annihilate the "fat English mandarin" the moment he entered the city. The Pekinites are most anxious to get rid of their Tartar friends, and it was reported that some of them were encamped on the south side of the city; so a cavalry reconnaissance was ordered out of the two irregular cavalry regiments, and fifty men of the King's Dragoon Guards, under Probyn's command. As I was all ready for the palace, I thought it was a pity not to go somewhere, so joined Probyn's people, and attached myself to their fortunes for the day. We marched about five miles, till we came to the extreme north-west angle of the city walls. The

ground was very bad for cavalry—narrow cart-tracks, with a good deal of wood, ditches, banks, and grave-mounds. Suddenly we found ourselves face to face with a Chinese army, drawn up in front of a camp, extending from the western angle of the wall for a considerable distance. There was a deep, wide ditch between us and them, but we were not more than 200 yards apart. They were principally infantry, with spears and matchlocks, and colours flying. Numbers of mandarins were riding about amongst them. As Probyn's orders were not to fight, he hoisted a white pocket-handkerchief on one of the sowar's spears, and we wheeled to the right, and passed for more than a mile in front of their cantonments. Then out came a Tartar from amongst them with a white flag, and a French valentine, with "L'amitié sincère" written underneath it, at which we laughed immensely. Soon after we came to some open ground, with high mounds, from which we got a tolerable view of the country; and two mandarins came out after their sincere and friendly messenger. They had a letter with them; so Probyn took them into

camp, where we arrived just before dark. It was altogether a very pleasant ride; but I was uncommonly glad to get back, as, if we had bivouacked out for the night, I should have looked very foolish without food, drink, or blankets.

Dined with Fane's people in the evening. Saw a beautiful set of engravings found in one of the palaces the other day. It is supposed to represent the history of the war of the Tartars against the Ghoorkas; it bears underneath the name of a French priest, and is dated 1765. The etching, the number of figures introduced, and the life-like way in which they are grouped, make it a remarkable work.

October 23*rd*.—It turns out that our Tartar friends of yesterday are peaceably inclined. Spent the morning at head-quarters settling my auction bill, reading magazines, and looking over Signor Beato's photographs.

October 24*th*.—At length I think it may be said that the whole thing is over. This morning Lord Elgin entered Pekin, and the treaty was signed. The Second Division formed the guard-

of-honour, and lined the streets during the day; and the 99th's colours accompanied England's representative on this eventful occasion. Every one went in full dress, and there was rather a good style of chair rigged up for the Plenipotentiary, with a number of coolie corps fellows in red to carry it. The treaty was signed at some place about three miles inside the town, but not at the palace. It was at some joss-house, with a large court-yard. The English officers who accompanied his Excellency were drawn up on one side, and about two hundred of the mandarins on the other. Credentials were produced, and then the treaty was signed, his Lordship pausing ere he wrote his name to give Beato an opportunity of handing down the scene to posterity. Prince Kung, who signed for China, looked, I hear, very sulky. Tea was handed round, and a dinner was being prepared, but was declined. I was unfortunately acting field-officer of the day, and had to remain in cantonments and look after the picquets, so saw nothing except the starting of the procession. D——, who commanded a wing of my regiment

at the Anting Gate, had very particular orders, and in case of anything going wrong he was at once to give a signal for the First Division. The cavalry stood to their horses and the artillery to their guns all day. Strong picquets were also posted at all the commanding streets between the conference house and the gate. An odd way this of making peace, almost expecting treachery, and having everything prepared for war. I am afraid that the moment we all leave the Gulf of Pecheli, the greater part of this dearly-purchased document, will prove a dead letter. In camp we were beginning to suspect that something had gone wrong, for it was dark before we heard the salute fired that announced Lord Elgin's exit from the gate.

October 26th.—A weary court-martial prevented me from going to see the signing of the French treaty yesterday. This morning Sir John Michel rode over to the Summer Palace with a cavalry escort, and as officers were allowed to accompany him, I joined the cavalcade, which was an extremely large one, and consisted of all

sorts of people, dressed in all sorts of costumes and mounted on all sorts of animals. We passed by the blackened walls of the old palace, and pushed on to a pagoda situated on the highest point in the grounds, and which had escaped the fire. After dismounting at the bottom of the hill, a circular path cut through the rocks brought us up to the base of the tower, which most of us then ascended. At the top of this tower, which was about the height of one of our monuments, the view was magnificent. We could trace mountains far off which must be giants compared with the others near us, and a walled town to the north lay under us, at some five or ten miles distance. There were pagodas, joss-houses, ornamental water and grounds, with bridges just like the old familiar blue willow-pattern delf, all spread out as a panorama before us; but the atmosphere towards Pekin was hazy, and we could only just see the walls. We afterwards went with Sir John Michel to several pretty grottoes and other places, and gradually the party dispersed to explore. With two others I rode, by a short cut which I knew, straight to the palace grounds,

having heard in the morning that some of the enamelled vase rooms had not been burnt. We three, with an enterprising middy, got to a court-yard and house which had escaped, and closing the gate dismounted, and proceeded to make a selection; but this was a terrible business. There were heaps of large enamel things, but no small ones. Massive bronze vases were there, beautifully worked, and some tables also, but nothing that looked portable. Still, having always been so unlucky before, I would not, like one of my party, go off in search of the unknown, but collecting together all that looked best, endeavoured to choose from the lot anything that it was possible to move. Tying my pocket-handkerchief and a piece of silk together, I made a rope; at one end fastened an old enamelled vase, and at the other a large tray of the same description. After some difficulty, found the head and tail of a large bronze enamelled monster, something like a dog, and finding that I could lift it, slung the other things across my saddle, filled my saddle-bags with queer small things, and with my beast in my arms, made my way with difficulty out of the ruins. It

had been raining heavily for some time, and the rest of the party had taken shelter. I passed by a number of trunks of Chinamen, with their heads hanging from the trees, who had evidently been caught following our example by the Tartar guards. After mounting, all my enamels began clattering about, and it was almost impossible to manage my pony, or to avoid the mischance which befel the bottles of the renowned John Gilpin. Just as I had made up my mind that the greater portion of my booty must be left on the road, Graham and Stuart, who were laughing immensely at my appearance, descried a fellow with a donkey and panniers, whom I immediately took into my service, and with his assistance brought everything safe into cantonments.

November 1st.—Lord Elgin has now for some days been living in Pekin, and all is going on well. Diplomatic reasons, however, require that we should remain here a few days longer, which is a great bore, as every one is anxious to make his way down to his destination for the winter. Rode into Pekin yesterday, through both the

Tartar and Chinese cities. There is really nothing remarkable about the whole place except its walls. The streets are little better than broad mud cart-tracks. The French left this morning, and we are all to move to-day and occupy their old quarters near the Anting Gate, in order to be more concentrated.

November 6th.—We had very good quarters at the gate, but were not destined to keep them long. Yesterday we (the Second Division) were going to have had some races, and had asked all the world to come and see them, but they were suddenly put a stop to by the 67th being ordered to march to Tient-sin, and the 99th to relieve the Royals, as Lord Elgin's guard in the city. It was very provoking, especially as, after having obtained the commander-in-chief's sanction, we had got up a sort of steeple-chase course, with ditches, banks, and hurdles. Our quarters here are not bad, and it gives us a fine opportunity of seeing Pekin. Messrs. Parkes and Wade last night gave a regular Chinese dinner to Lord Elgin, Sir Hope Grant, and

others. There were four tables, with six people at each. The room was beautifully lighted, and the whole thing was got up with much good taste, and in the most correct Chinese manner, chopsticks, samshoo, birds'-nests, and sharks'-fins, etc. Every guest had a little China cup to drink out of, all more or less valuable from their age, and some particularly so. Before leaving, each guest was requested to retain his cup, in remembrance of the occasion.

November 7th.—The campaign was last night ended by the following general order:—

"The army being about to break up, consequent on the conclusion of hostilities with China, as many regiments as can be spared will be sent home forthwith. The commander of the forces, therefore, takes this opportunity of bidding farewell to the officers and soldiers of the force. During this short campaign of only three months, the exertions and general good behaviour of the troops have been most praiseworthy and satisfactory, whilst the manner in which the staff and departmental duties have

been carried out has been most instrumental in contributing to the successful results of the expedition. Sir Hope Grant thanks each and all, both officers and soldiers, for their assistance and support during the period of his command, and wishes them a happy return to their homes in England and India."

Then comes a paragraph declaring all the brigades except Staveley's to be broken up; and though the division staff still remains, yet the divisions are broken up also. Half the army marched towards Ho-si-woo this morning, under Sir R. Napier, and the remainder move to-morrow. We form, with some of Fane's Horse, the ambassadorial escort, and by going through a gate close by this yamun, we emerge near the lime-kilns where we were on the 5th of October, and join Sir J. Michel at the bridge near Pu-se-tsa, taken by the French on September 21st.

The whole army sympathizes in our disappointment about the races. It would have done so well for "Bell's Life"—"The Pekin Autumn Meeting"—and would have astonished the mandarins a little.

November 8th.—After all, we did not march this morning, as Mr. Bruce came in at twelve o'clock yesterday, and has to be introduced to the grandees of the place, and this afternoon I go in command of a guard of honour to accompany him.

November 17th.—On the afternoon of the 8th, we escorted Lord Elgin on a visit to take leave of Prince Kung, and at the same time to introduce his brother. The place appointed was at a considerable distance from the Embassy, and we had a long trudge through the muddy, mazy streets of Pekin. After having drawn up my guard outside, I followed up the great people through several court-yards. In the reception-room there was a long table, and two small ones flanking it. All of them were covered with little dishes of fruits, and sweetmeats of every description. Lord Elgin took his seat at the centre of the large table; Prince Kung on his right, and Mr. Bruce on his left. On the right of the Prince was Mr. Parkes, and on the left of Mr. Bruce was Mr. Wade, these two gentlemen acting

as interpreters; then two or three mandarins. Lord John Hay, Crealock, the attachés, and self occupied the smaller tables, and some more mandarins plied us most assiduously with delicacies, and also with champagne, which had been sent as a present from the Embassy.

Verily, I did not march to Pekin in vain, neither have I endured rheumatism, and abstained from luxury, without meeting with my reward; for with the brother of the Celestial Emperor as a host, I partook of the world-famous "Chinese bird's-nest." Never was a delicacy enjoyed under more favourable circumstances, yet I blush to confess that I was a little disappointed, and almost preferred the almond soup which followed it.

The conversation, which passed somewhat tardily between Lord Elgin and the Prince, through the medium of Mr. Parkes, was all of an exceedingly polite and friendly character. No allusion whatever was made to any unpleasant topic. The Ambassador expressed a hope that the Emperor would send an envoy to England hereafter. The Prince replied that it would be a

mark of great friendship on the part of the Chinese if they did so; that he would represent that, and everything else which had taken place, to the Emperor, with whom the decision must rest. There was some talk about ships to convey them to England, and the Prince thanked Lord Elgin for his photograph. Lord Elgin informed the Prince that he intended to take his departure on the following morning. The Prince declared his great sorrow, and said he must send him some presents, and pay a visit in the morning. The hour of the visit was then named, and after that, as a naval man remarked, "the Embassy Extraordinary hauled down its colours," by Lord Elgin declaring that his mission was ended; and getting up out of his chair, he placed Mr. Bruce in it, and introduced him as the future representative of England at Pekin. Then there was some more soft talk. Although Mr. Bruce is quite gray, the Prince trusted that so young a man would quickly acquire the Chinese language; and Lord Elgin mentioned that the English had no object in China except the welfare of the Emperor and his people. Something was said

about the house which Mr. Bruce would occupy next March, and Mr. Adkins, who alone forms our advanced guard in China, by living in this house during the winter, was introduced. Then arrangements were made about giving over the gates in the morning, and just before dark we took our departure. Prince Kung, or Coon, is quite a young man, looks intelligent, and has a very good manner.

Next morning, soon after daylight, I rode out of Pekin in charge of our baggage, and the regiment followed a few hours afterwards. Joined Sir John Michel at the bridge. Next day walked over the battle-fields of the 18th and 21st of September, and halted for the night at Mateou. Pushed on to Ho-si-woo the following morning. There we left Sir John Michel, and with the Marines and Probyn's Horse made a double march to Yangtsein, which, like all other towns on the line of march, was now completely gutted, although carefully guarded on our first advance. The following night we halted and pitched tents outside Tient-sin. Entering the town in the morning, we sold off our carts and mules for

anything they would fetch, and at noon next day went on board a gun-boat. Spent two cold days and nights coming down the river in this gun-boat and the junk attached to it, and were by no means sorry when yesterday morning we found ourselves safely put on board the "Bosphorus," one of the largest and most comfortable transports in the fleet. Our baggage is safe on board a ship close by us, and I trust will soon be on board this one, for our wardrobes are scanty, and our clothes in a very seedy condition. The men are in high spirits, and so are we, at having finished our little campaign so happily, and at having, I trust, taken leave for ever of the muddy shores of the Gulf of Pecheli.

THE END.

London: Thomas Harrild, Printer, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street.

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

00038201

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 25 June, 2016